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VOL. I.

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EUGENIA

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AND

ADELAIDE,

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL I.

LONDON:

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P R E F A C E.

*THE following Work
was written some years back
by an original hand, now cold,
whose manner will probably
be traced and relished by those
Readers*

ii P R E F A C E

Readers who are inclined to rank nature and truth above the extravagant fictions which are daily served up under the title of Genuine History and Adventures.

The Editor trusts the Reader will find incident, interest, and character in the story now before him: — To say more might be looked upon
as

P R E F A C E. iii

*as impertinent; and it would
not be acting as a friend to
the Work and the memory of
the Author to say less.*

EUGENIA

THE LIFE OF A C. E. IN

as a high school; and it would
not be long as a friend to
the West and the memory of
its father to his life.

FLORIDA

EUGENIA
AND
ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE and Eugenia were both natives of Salerno, in the kingdom of Naples; the one, daughter of the Baron St. Seberina; the other, to Signior Lorenzo Burganeze, of the illustrious house of Sulmona.

These two young persons had contracted a friendship almost in their infancy, which the intimacy subsisting between their parents served to strengthen as they grew up. Adelaide was never

easy without her dear Eugenia; nor could that lady be happy in any company but that of her charming friend.

The years of childhood stole away insensibly, in the enjoyment of a tender and mutual friendship, their pleasures were the same, and their pains (if they had any) were so too. In short, there was so perfect a union between them, that they appeared to be informed by one mind. But the time was now arrived when they must part, and each experience different fortunes and cares, unfelt before.

Signior Burganeze died, and left his widow and daughter in such moderate circumstances, as obliged them all at once to retrench their expences. Madame Burganeze, mortified at this sudden change in her condition, determined

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to leave Salerno and retire to a monastery, since she could no longer appear there with her usual splendour. She was already preparing to depart, when she received a very obliging letter from her brother the Marquis of Pescara, who at that time resided at Milan, where he had a considerable post.

This nobleman, on receiving an account of the death of Signior Burganeze, wrote to his sister in the warmest terms, inviting her and her daughter to accept of his house for their future abode, assuring them they should meet with a reception answerable to the love he bore them.

Madame Burganeze did not hesitate to accept of so kind an offer: she bid her daughter prepare for their journey; and, having their equipage considerably

diminished, they were soon in readiness to leave Salerno.

Whatever pleasure Eugenia felt on the prospect of so agreeable a change in her fortune, she could not think of being separated from her beloved companion without a lively sorrow ; but when the day of her departure came, on which she was to bid adieu to Adelaide, tears and embraces were on this occasion employed to supply the place of words ; and Eugenia, unable to speak, broke from the arms of her friend ; and, throwing herself into a chariot (in which her mother was already placed at the door) they set out directly for Milan.

We will here for a while take leave of the disconsolate Adelaide, and accompany Madame Burganeze and her daughter, who by easy journies arrived in

in ten days at Milan; and were received by the Marquis of Pescara with the highest marks of affection.

This nobleman was many years younger than Madame Burganeze, being her brother only by the father's side. He was handsome, accomplished, and magnificent; which, joined to one of the gayest tempers in the world, made his house the rendezvous of all the youth of quality in Milan: but notwithstanding the merits of the Marquis had rendered him the distinguished favourite of the fair, he had as yet preserved his heart; and, whilst many in secret sighed for him, he behaved towards all with equal appearance of gallantry, though he felt nothing but real indifference.

After the arrival of Madame Burganeze and Eugenia, numbers of ladies

had come to visit them, who had no pretence for appearing at the house of the Marquis before, but were now glad of this opportunity of seeing and conversing with him. In short, the concourse of nobility, of both sexes, who flocked daily to the palace of Pescara, formed it into a kind of little court.

Madame Burganeze was in her forty-fifth year; personal vanity her reigning foible; a passion for admiration was of course the result of such a turn of mind: but during the life-time of Signior Burganeze, she had been obliged, as much as possible, to hide this disposition, as he was not of a temper to allow for it, in the smallest degree. She had never loved him; and was but moderately afflicted at his death. Her daughter she considered rather as a rival than a friend; but concealed those sentiments as carefully,

fully, and those that more immediately concerned herself. Her freedom recovered, and her brother's invitation to what she knew must be a scene of gaiety, had roused those latent sparks of vanity that time had nearly subdued; and she went to Milan with the strongest hopes of finding every wish of her heart gratified. She had now for almost a year been a partaker with her daughter in those pleasures which reigned, and perpetually succeeded each other, at the house of the Marquis; but alas, she was more and more convinced she was no longer able to charm! cold respect was all she met with from the men; and from the younger part of her own sex a sort of insipid kindness, that showed her how little formidable she appeared to them. This observation at first sensibly afflicted her; when, reflecting that if she should continue with the Marquis,

she should only expose herself to new mortifications every day, she resolved at once to abjure those pleasures which (to her) had now lost their chief relish. Thus determined, she took an opportunity one day (after having expressed the warmest acknowledgments for her brother's tenderness) to inform him, that it was now high time for her to think of bidding adieu to the vain enjoyments of this life, and of dedicating the remainder of her days to devotion. She told him, the Prioress of St. Bridget's, who was her relation, had invited her to her house on the death of Signior Burganeze, and she was about to accept of her offer when she received the kind and generous tender of his service; that it was chiefly on Eugenia's account she had declined the invitation made her by the prioress, whom she acknowledged she would not think of secluding from
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the world but with the greatest reluctance; yet, finding herself now disposed to reassume her first intentions, she was inclined to take her daughter with her; beauty and innocence being all her portion, she dreaded leaving her exposed to the many temptations which youth and want of experience might lead her into, and with which, she said, the house of the Marquis was surrounded: perhaps, said she, my daughter may marry below her quality, or have her charms blasted by some envious tongue. Oh, brother, I tremble at the thought! and would sooner bury Eugenia in a nunnery, than ——— The Marquis interrupted his sister here, and conjured her to banish such thoughts; telling her, if ever she loved, or confided in him, she would not scruple to trust Eugenia to his care. I will be as tender of her happiness, added he, as you your-

self would be; and as I mean to give her a fortune equal to her birth, I have even cast my eyes on a husband for her; in whose possession (if he has your approbation, and I find his estate suitable to his other endowments) I should think my niece happy. Let me therefore, dear sister, beg of you to talk no more of a cloister, since there are much more desirable prospects for your daughter. The Marquis added many arguments to dissuade Madame Burganeze from her intentions of retiring; but she assured him, her resolution with regard to herself was fixed: — I yield Eugenia however to you, said she, and transfer all my right in her to your fraternal goodness: take her, brother, dispose of her; for I am sure your prudence will make no choice but such as I shall approve of; and as I should be glad to see her under the protection of a husband

And before I go to my retreat, tell me who the person is you have thoughts of bestowing her on?—"He is a Spaniard of high quality," answered the Marquis: "his name is Don Clement Pimenteles, and he is descended from the House of Telbes, one of the most ancient in Castile. He was introduced to me a few days ago by the Prince of Bassiniano, with whom he came into Italy. The Prince has a particular esteem for him: and indeed he is so very amiable, that I think it is impossible to see him without loving him."—"I see, brother," said Madamie Burganeze, "that you are already charmed, and will make my daughter so too, if you paint him in such fine colours."—"As for that," replied the Marquis, "you shall neither of you be left to judge by my description of him; for he is to dine

with me to-day, and you will then see whether I have done him justice."

Eugenia entered the room just as the Marquis said these words: "We are speaking of a person," said he, addressing himself to his niece, "whom Madame Burganeze already prophesies you will fall in love with: for my part, I own, were I a woman, I should prefer him to all the men I have ever yet seen; and if I could find one of your sex every way so charming as Don Clement Pimenteles, I should no longer have that liberty to boast of which I have hitherto preserved. In a word, this young cavalier is so very agreeable, that I was struck with him at first sight. The Prince tells me his wit is as engaging as his person; and indeed, by what I could judge from the short conversation I had with him, he is perfectly accomplished.

Such

Such a conquest therefore, Eugenia," proceeded he, smiling, "would do no small honour to your beauty."

Though Eugenia had but little occasion for the help of art to set off one of the finest persons that ever nature formed, she was not free from the little vanity of her sex: she omitted nothing in her dress that day which could add to her charms. The Marquis was rallying her on the great pains she had taken to adorn herself, when a page came to inform him that Don Clement was come.

The Marquis went to receive him, and soon returned with him into Madame Burganeze's apartment; where presenting him to that lady and Eugenia, one after the other, "You see, Signior," said he, "that I am more devoted to
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the fair than people imagine: these ladies live with me; and I think myself the happiest man in the world in their society. My sister indeed has formed an unkind purpose of leaving me, in order to retire into a convent: perhaps if you join with me, we may yet dissuade her from it, though I have been so unhappy as not to succeed in my endeavours towards it: nay, it was with some difficulty that I could prevail to have Eugenia left with me."

"Madame Burganeze," answered Don Clement, "has more justice than to rob the world at once of two such ornaments. But you, my Lord, I must say, are too selfish in desiring to engross so much merit and so many charms, and to deprive the convent of the share it has a right to by the pious choice the lady, your sister, has made." It was
easy

easy to perceive which part of this compliment was addressed to Madame Burganeze; and though it seemed rather to encourage her in her resolution than dissuade her from it, yet it did not displease her; every thing which Don Clement said was accompanied with a gracefulness that could not fail of charming. The most delicate praises from one who is disagreeable to us may be uttered without the least effect; but the slightest compliment pronounced by a beautiful mouth, is sure to make an impression. This observation Madame Burganeze already found verified in herself, and that her years and piety were too feeble a guard against youth and irresistible charms; for such Don Clement was possessed of: no wonder then if the breast of Eugenia, defenceless as it was, was warmed as soon as that of Madame Burganeze.

Don

Don Clement discovered so much wit and delicacy in his conversation, that his company was as acceptable to the two ladies as it was to the Marquis:—he staid till it was late; and the Marquis would not suffer him to retire, without first making him promise to pass the next day at his house.

When Eugenia was alone she had time to reflect on the person and behaviour of this stranger: she thought her uncle's menaces were not without foundation, and that she ought to have secured her heart against charms that she already began to find too powerful. In short, she perceived a change in it which alarmed her; she passed the night unquietly, and no sooner saw day-light than she arose and called her woman to dress her.

She

She waited impatiently for the hour which was to bring Pimenteles to her sight :—at length he appeared; and Eugenia thought him a thousand times handsomer than before. This second day's interview entirely subdued her heart. With what joy then did she hear the Marquis (who was highly charmed with Don Clement) insist on his living at his hotel during his stay at Venice! The young Spaniard accepted his invitation with pleasure; of which Eugenia flattered herself she might be the occasion.

He was now become their guest: she saw and conversed with him every day; and every day became more and more enamoured. She was not ignorant of her uncle's designs; and longed to know how Don Clement's heart was affected towards

towards her, when an opportunity offered to satisfy her impatience.

She was alone walking in the garden, her thoughts full of Pimenteles, when she saw him enter with the Marquis; to whose discourse he seemed listening attentively. Eugenia did not care to interrupt them by her presence; and had just time to slip behind an alabaster statue when they passed her by, and turned down a close walk that was almost darkened by a thick row of orange trees, which shaded it on each side.

Eugenia heard her uncle pronounce her name as he walked by her; when, seized with a lover's curiosity on finding herself the subject of their conversation, she stole softly into a little alley, which ran parallel to the walk in which the Marquis and Don Clement were engaged

gaged in discourse. The former spoke so loud, that Eugenia could easily hear him say, "and yet I could not prevail on my sister till I assured her I had other views for Eugenia; and that, as I could give her a fortune equal almost to any lady in Milan, I intended to look out for a match for her suitable to her rank. If Madame Burganeze persists in her design of going into a convent, I must be the more speedy in disposing of my niece; for my house, without a mother's care, may not be a sanctuary for one so young and handsome."—"Your prudence, my Lord, is highly to be commended," answered Don Clement; and turned the conversation with an indifference that touched Eugenia to the quick: she had not lost a word of what her uncle had said, and listened greedily to what Don Clement would reply to so broad a hint; but the coldness of his answer

answer filled her with a good deal of confusion.—“What can be the meaning of this!” said she; “Don Clement is very young, and, if I have any judgment, far from being insensible; I am not disagreeable, and have some advantages which might recommend me: perhaps he is in love elsewhere, or has discovered my weakness for him; or—I know not what to think. Cruel Pimenteles! how easy are you in that indifference which is so tormenting to me!” Here some tears stole down her cheeks, which a consciousness of her own worth made her so ashamed of, that she quickly wiped them off. It is a sufficient mortification for a woman’s pride to find her heart in the possession of a man who never asked her for it; but to find that man even cold and negligent, is a circumstance that few know how to support:—such was Eugenia’s situation; and.

and she now began to experience all those vicissitudes of hopes, fears, and jealousies, of which before she had but an imperfect idea.

Now it was she wanted a faithful friend to complain to: a thousand times did she wish for Adelaide; but those wishes were fruitless, and she continued in a kind of languor, which with all her endeavours she could scarcely hide. At length she resolved to write to her friend, and hoped for some consolation. Her letter was as follows:—“ Though since we parted I have perpetually regretted your absence, yet I now feel the loss of you more sensibly than ever. I wish you were with me; but alas, I can no more entertain you as I used to do: Eugenia is no longer the same! You will doubtless ask the occasion of this change, and I will confess

fess it to you :—Don Clement Pimentes, whom I mentioned to you in my last, has worked this strange metamorphosis ; and, from the most cheerful person in the world, has made me the most melancholy : in short, I shall ever love him. Dear Adelaide, if you were to see him ! — and yet, would you believe it, he is as cold as marble ! and I could kill myself for having the least tenderness for him. Oh that my sighs would bear me to happy Salerno, the scene of all my past innocent pleasures ! where I first tasted the sweets of friendship, when unacquainted with the pains of love ! Why did I leave you ? or why did Don Clement leave Castile ? Adieu, my Adelaide : advise and pity me.”

Eugenia had but just dispatched this letter to her friend, and was passing along a gallery which led to her apartment,

ment, when she met the Marquis and Don Clement; the latter of whom saluting her, stepped back, and hastily threw a little note at her feet, and, without speaking, immediately joined the Marquis.

Eugenia ran, or rather flew, to her chamber, to see what this unexpected billet contained: she was ready to tear it, so great was her impatience to get it open. These were the contents:—"I have long wished for an opportunity to reveal the secrets of my heart to you; but my wishes have always been disappointed: it is in your power to deliver me from the greatest anxiety of my soul. Suffer me then, fair Eugenia, to throw myself at your feet this night, in your own apartment, where I may, without witnesses, make an explanation to you
—on

—on which the happiness of my life depends.”

The pleasure that Eugenia felt on reading these words is not to be conceived by any but those who have been in the like circumstances. She, who the moment before had abandoned herself to sorrow, was now transported with joy: what was past appeared like a dream to her; and she persuaded herself that she was as dear to Don Clement as he was to her. The satisfaction she took in this reflection was nevertheless not unmixed with some alloy of doubt: she could not account for the reserve of Don Clement's behaviour on the Marquis's conference with him in the garden; nor had she in his whole conduct towards herself ever remarked any symptoms of love. However, as we find it an easy matter to persuade ourselves

ourselves to believe what we wish, so Eugenia, satisfied that Pimenteles loved her with a flame equal to her own, entirely gave way to the agreeable reflection. "No doubt," said she, "he has prudent reasons for having hitherto concealed his love, which he now means to lay open to me in this interview.— Yes, Don Clement," said she, "I will see you to-night, and deliver both you and myself from the pain of a cruel suspense."

She saw Don Clement at supper; he watched her eyes; and they did not fail to give a favourable answer to his note. She retired early to her apartment, and, dismissing her woman, shut herself into her dressing-room: she took a book in her hand to beguile the tedious minutes till Pimenteles should arrive. Her eyes indeed were fixed on the paper, and she

strove to attend to what she was reading; but her thoughts were too much agitated for such an employment, from which she was not released so speedily as she wished; for the clock struck twelve before Don Clement approached. At length she heard him rap softly at the door which opened from her dressing-room to the back-stairs: she arose, trembling, to let him in; he entered, and seemed to be in as much confusion as herself. He excused his stay, by telling her the Marquis had engaged him till that minute; and added, 'How much am I obliged to you, amiable Eugenia, for this piece of condescension! and how miserable would a denial of my request have made me!'

"I cannot tell you, Signior," said Eugenia, "how I can answer it to discretion, to admit a visit from a young cavalier

cavalier so unseasonably ; and, I assure you, you are indebted entirely to my curiosity for this compliance.”—“ I bless the motive, let it be what it will,” answered Don Clement, “ that has procured me such a favour. But I dare not proceed, without being first assured of your forgiveness ; which, thus suppliant, I entreat.”—Saying this, he bent one knee to the ground, and, taking Eugenia’s hand with a respect mixed with tenderness, “ Do you promise to pardon me, Madam,” said he, “ if I declare myself freely ? Oh tell me,—for you are all my hope—excellent Eugenia, may I speak !”—“ You may,” answered Eugenia, in a broken voice (her confusion almost depriving her of speech) “ you may speak ; but don’t take advantage of this liberty, by saying more than I ought to hear.”

Don Clement, after a short pause, was going to reply, when Madame Burganeze (whose apartment joined close to those of her daughter) hearing two persons talk in that lady's chamber, rose out of bed, and, with her night-gown only thrown loose about her, entered the room with some precipitation.

The consternation they were both in is not to be described. Eugenia remained with her face covered with blushes; her eyes fixed on the ground, not once so much as daring to lift them up towards her mother. Don Clement, who had started from his knees, was almost in the same condition with herself; and, not having the courage to speak, gave Madame Burganeze an opportunity of looking at them both by turns, with eyes inflamed with anger, as if doubtful which should first feel the effects

fects of her rage. At length she turned it all on poor Eugenia; she gave a shriek before she could get her words out (for she was almost choaked with passion) and then flying at her daughter with the utmost fury, she would certainly have done her some mischief, if Don Clement (who was by this time recovered from his surprise) had not interposed. "I beseech you, Madam," said he, "be pacified; or turn all your anger upon me, who alone deserve it: Eugenia is not to blame."—"Who then is to blame, traitor?" replied she, turning fiercely towards him. "Ask yourself, Madam," said he, assuming a languishing air; "accuse your own charms, which have been the cause of this intrusion."—"How!" said Madame Burganze, "Was it the influence of my charms that brought you to my daughter's chamber at midnight? Ah Don

Clement! that is a weak pretence to screen your own baseness and Eugenia's folly."—"Alas," replied Don Clement, "if you will but hear me, you will be satisfied of the injustice you do both your daughter and me."—"Well, let me hear what you have to say," cried Madame Burganeze, who began to grow a little calm. "Know then, Madam," replied Don Clement, "that I have adored you from the first moment I beheld you; but the fear of offending you, always obliged me to conceal my presumptuous flame. My Lord Marquis informed me of your resolution of retiring to a convent:—a resolution that, while it added to my love, heightened my despair. At the same time he encouraged me to raise my wishes to the fair Eugenia. To any other person this would have been a happiness to be received with transport: but, prepossessed as I
was

was with another passion, I could only look upon the honour he intended me as a fresh obstacle to my desires. — Thus embarrassed, I knew no way to extricate myself, but by disclosing the secret of my love to the generous Eugenia, and imploring her interest and assistance in so delicate an affair.' Here Don Clement ceased; and cast his eyes on the ground, as if waiting for a favourable answer.

Madame Burganeze remained some time in suspense what to answer. At length, with a look half-smiling and half-reserved, "Methinks, Don Clement," said she, "you have not acted altogether very discreetly: you had near made me very angry with my daughter. But I can forgive you, since it was owing to an excess of modesty: — Modesty is commendable in a young
C 4 man.

man. But go; I will hear no more at present, 'tis late: so I beg you may retire.—Eugenia, go to bed, child:—I am sorry for what has passed; but you must forget it: you see I am pacified.” With these words she left the room, and locked the door on her daughter, having first made Don Clement withdraw; who had but just time to give Eugenia to understand, by a sign, the part he intended to act.

If Eugenia, on the one hand, was rejoiced that she had escaped her mother's resentment, she was however not a little mortified at being disappointed of the pleasure she proposed to herself in hearing Don Clement breathe out his vows at her feet. She was in pain to think how he would extricate himself out of the difficulty into which he had been brought by this contrivance; for she

she saw but too plainly with what pleasure her mother had received the declaration he had made; and was terribly afraid of the consequences.

She spent the remainder of the night in those uneasy reflections. Don Clement, on his part, was not without his cares:—and Madame Burganeze was as restless as either of them: but her thoughts were employed in the gayest manner imaginable. She had conceived an affection for Don Clement from the first moment she saw him: nay, and flattered herself with the hopes of a return: but the great reserve of that young Spaniard had almost tired her expectations.—How agreeably then was she surprised, when he told her that he loved her! and that at a time too, when her jealous fears persuaded her that he was paying his court to her daughter!

She did not indeed sleep the whole night; but the thoughts of this new amour was so pleasing to her, that it took place of every other consideration:—the convent was no longer remembered; and her whole study was now bent on rendering herself agreeable in her lover's eyes.

Accordingly she was no sooner risen than she seated herself at her toilet:—jewels were now to be placed advantageously in her hair; a vanity which she had lately affected to have an utter abhorrence to. The weather was grown too sultry for a veil; so that was thrown aside, to display the diamonds in her ears: and her woman was of a sudden become so very unhandy, that she was obliged to dress and undress her lady several times, before she could get her clothes to fit with any tolerable grace.

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At length Madame Burganeze, adorned as gay and as splendidly as she was on her wedding-day, stood before her glass, to contemplate herself; and remembering Pimenteles had expressed his fear of offending her by a discovery of his love, "—La Pointz," said she, "have I any thing forbidding in my looks? I always thought I had rather an air of too much complaisance."—"Madam," answered the cunning La Pointz (who knew her lady's failing) 'you have without doubt a most affable countenance; but then you have a certain air of majesty in your eyes that must infallibly strike an awe into every beholder.'—"Answer me another question," cried Madame Burganeze, "and answer me sincerely; How old do I appear to be?"—"Why, Madam," said La Pointz, 'only that I know, from the time that I have been in your Ladyship's
C 6 family,

family, that you can't be much under forty, I should think that you had hardly seen three-and-thirty."—"Impossible!" cried Madame Burganeze: "You flatter: you certainly flatter! I am sure if I should own to six-and-thirty no one would disbelieve me."—"Indeed but they would," replied the woman, laughing (who knew she might have added several years to the account): "I don't believe any one that looked at you would be persuaded of that."

The infatuated Burganeze, who was a coquette in addition to her other follies, did not perceive that her woman was ridiculing her vanity: and, beginning to reassume her former ideas, she now looked upon herself as irresistible; and made no doubt of her being able to secure Don Clement's heart. But, notwithstanding the good opinion she had

had revived of her own charms, she was not without some fears on account of the youth and beauty of her daughter: and, as jealous eyes are more penetrating than others, she for a long time had observed that Eugenia did not look upon Don Clement with indifference; and she saw that the Marquis, her brother, was well disposed to favour an union between them. These two circumstances, therefore, made her resolve to be as watchful over her daughter's conduct as possible: for this purpose she placed an old waiting-maid about her (that she had known and confided in for many years) with strict orders to lie in her chamber, and attend her wherever she went.

This unusual restraint soon became intolerable to Eugenia; and the more so, as she saw it gave Don Clement the greatest

greatest uneasiness; for she had it not in her power to speak to him, but in her mother's presence, ever since he had declared himself that lady's lover.

However, she flattered herself that he would, by some means or other, find an opportunity of conversing with her. Nor was she deceived; for, sitting one evening in an arbour in the garden, she saw her mother enter, leaning on Don Clement's arm. Eugenia rose up, out of respect to the former (to whom she thought her presence would not be very acceptable) and withdrew, to leave her the more at liberty.

Don Clement was vexed at her retiring so hastily, as he had prepared a little billet, which he resolved at all hazards to convey to her; but her sudden absenting herself disappointed him in his design.

design. He inwardly cursed Madame Burganeze, while she was leading him to a seat, singing an amorous air. He was forced, however, to affect an appearance of satisfaction; and, placing himself by her side, he observed a book lying on one of the seats, which Eugenia had by accident left behind her: he immediately thought of slipping his letter between the leaves of it; and by that means to convey it into Eugenia's own hands, without her mother's suspecting any thing of the matter: wherefore, taking up the book, after some discourse with Madame Burganeze, he proposed taking a turn or two more in the garden; and, rising up, he gave that lady his hand, and led her towards that quarter of the garden to which he had seen Eugenia direct her steps: he soon perceived her sitting at the end of a long terrace: but Madame Burganeze no sooner

sooner spied her daughter than she cried,
“ Fye, Don Clement, what makes you
chuse this walk? It is the most unplea-
sant of the whole garden.”—“ I am of
your opinion, Madam,” replied Don
Clement; “ and I know not how I
came to wander hither: but, since we
are here, suffer me to restore this book
to your daughter, which, I suppose, was
her entertainment when we frighted her
out of the arbour.”—“ Let me see it
first,” cried Madame Burganeze; and
immediately taking it out of Don Cle-
ment’s hand, she leaves, without mercy,
opened directly at the place where the
note was concealed:—“ What have we
got here?” said she, and straight un-
folded it; for it was but doubled care-
lessly, without being sealed. I leave
my reader to judge what a situation
Don Clement was in at this unexpected
misfortune:—he cursed Madame Bur-
ganeze,

ganeze, the letter, and his own indiscretion; and expected every minute that she would upbraid him with his falsehood: but happy was it for him that his mistress's sight was so impaired (owing to a heavy illness she had had); she could not read a word without the help of her glasses, which she thought would be a disgrace to make use of in the presence of her lover: however, she affected to examine the paper; when, returning it to Don Clement, 'Præthee, read this,' said she; 'for, I protest, my eyes have been so weak ever since the death of my husband, that I can scarce distinguish a letter.' Don Clement was rejoiced at this unexpected turn of good luck: "It is only a song, Madam," said he; and, pretending to read it, he repeated the first lines that came into his head, which Madame Burganeze was mightily pleased with, and

and suffered him to restore the book, and the song to her daughter.

Eugenia no sooner found herself alone than she perused her lover's letter, which contained these words:—"The constraint I am under towards you, and the complaisance I am obliged to shew your mother, are equally painful to me; but the time is not yet come for me to deceive her. You see the difficulty of my situation; and yet you do not know the half of what I suffer. Dear Eugenia, if you have any pity for me, permit me once more to talk to you without reserve. If you will walk this evening, about seven o'clock, in the great wood adjoining the park, I will find means to converse with you.—When you see a person covered with a white veil, know that for your obliged

PIMENTELES."

The

The reading this note revived Eugenia's hopes again : she returned into the house, with her thoughts more agreeably employed than they had been for some days past. She was told that Don Clement was just going to Lodi, in order to see a friend ; and, making no doubt but that he feigned this journey, on purpote that he might have the better opportunity of meeting her at the expected rendezvous, she longed for the appointed hour.

On account of Don Clement's absence she the more easily obtained leave of Madame Burganeze to go abroad. Wherefore, setting out, attended by the oldwoman, she quickly crossed the park which joined the Marquis's gardens ; and, having reached the wood, she was not long before she discovered
Don

Don Clement in the disguise he had mentioned in his letter.

He was covered with a white silk veil striped with silver; which, reaching from head to foot, concealed him so entirely, that neither his shape nor clothes could be discovered; and, had not Eugenia been apprized of his design, she could never have suspected him for any other than what he appeared to be.

Don Clement was at some little distance; but, having spied Eugenia as soon as she did him, and altering his voice, he called out to her; at the same time advancing to meet her.—Eugenia, affecting surprise, ran towards him:—“Is it possible,” said she, “that this is Donna Aurora? Who would have dreamt of meeting you at Milan? How charmed

charmed will my mother be to see you !”
—“ I have so short a time to stay,” answered the counterfeit Donna, “ that I can’t wait on Madame Burganeze; therefore I beg you will not let her know of having seen me.” Saying this, he took Eugenia under the arm; and speaking in a tone not to be heard by her attendant, “ Thus far,” said he, “ we have succeeded happily; but your troublesome guardian pursues us so closely that I am as much to seek as ever; for she will certainly suspect something if we whisper too long.” —“ I know no way to get rid of her,” answered Eugenia, “ but to tire her so heartily that she will be glad to sit down to rest, and we may then saunter out of her hearing.” Don Clement could not help laughing at this contrivance; and, much approving of it, they both walked as fast as possible, resolving to lead the old duenna such a dance

dance as would make her glad to sit down, and leave them at liberty.

Urfina (that was the attendant's name) trotted after them as fast as she was able, when, being unused to so much walking, she called to them, conjuring them, for God's sake, not to walk at such a rate, as she found it impossible to keep up with them; and assured them she was ready to faint with weariness. This was just what they wanted. Eugenia slackened her pace, and told Urfina, she might sit down in the shade, whilst she and her companion continued their walk. The duenna begged they wouldn't go out of sight: which Eugenia faithfully promising, the old woman flung herself on the grass, and, being much fatigued, soon fell asleep.

Now

Now it was that the lovers found themselves in possession of a few undisturbed minutes, which they had so ardently wished for: but they could not enjoy this happiness long enough to enter into an explanation, which would have spared each of them many sighs.

They were got into a part of the wood which was by the side of a bye-road, and was separated from it only by a shallow brook: the sun was almost set, and Don Clement, fearing to lose more time, prayed Eugenia to sit down on the brink of the water, which they found very refreshing. Eugenia would have made choice of a place still more retired; but, fearing to alarm Urfina, lest she should chance to awake and miss them, she consented to remain where they were; when, seating herself on the
brink

brink of the rivulet, Don Clement placed himself by her.

He had drawn the veil from his face, as well for coolness as to be able to speak with the greater freedom, and was just entering into a conversation equally desired both by him and Eugenia, when they were alarmed by the appearance of two horsemen, well mounted and in Spanish habits, who came in a brisk trot towards them.

As they had rode out from a cross path, Eugenia and her lover were not aware of them, till they were so near as to have their faces and dress distinguished at once.

Don Clement no sooner saw them than he endeavoured, with great precipitation, to cover his face with the veil, when,

when, through the most unlucky accident imaginable, it had got fast on a bush which hung just over his head: the haste he made to disengage it, together with the confusion he was in, served only to entangle it the more; so that, making a violent effort to tear it from the bush that held it, he dragged it quite off him; and at once made a discovery of what he so vainly endeavoured to conceal.

The two cavaliers, who had made a full stop from the first moment they observed him, now alighted from their horses, which they gave into the hands of a servant, who was leading an empty calash after them; and one of them, crying out in a tone of the greatest exultation, "Ha! art thou found at last, vile fugitive?" he leapt over the brook,

and seized hold of Don Clement's shoulder.

Eugenia, in her first emotion of fear and surprise, fled to some little distance from the place where she had been sitting; but, her love overcoming her terror, she turned back, resolving to partake with her dear Pimenteles in the danger which she apprehended threatened him; but great was her astonishment and grief at seeing him surrounded by three men. She could perceive that one of them wrested a poniard out of his hand; whilst the other two, who had come to the assistance of the first, took him under each arm, and, notwithstanding his resistance, forced him into the calash; the eldest of the two cavaliers getting into it with him, whilst the other mounted his horse again; and all drove off like lightning.

Eugenia

Eugenia during this transaction was almost senseless; when the cries of the old duenna, who was by this time awake, roused her from her lethargy. Ursina ran to her charge:—"And are you safe?" said she: "Are you, Eugenia? What is become of the lady? and who are those men that drove away just now?"—"I can answer none of your questions," replied Eugenia; "for I am frightened to death."—"Oh! so I have you safe, it is no matter," said Ursina. "Let us make haste home. Madam, your mother will chide me for letting you stay so long."

Eugenia was so overwhelmed with grief that she made her no reply; but, casting her eyes towards the fatal spot where Don Clement had been forced away, she saw his poniard lying on the ground, which had been dropped in the

scuffle: the handle was gold; on which his name was decyphered in small diamonds. She snatched it up, and hid it under her gown, without being observed by her duenna.

As they were returning back, Ursina asked her several questions about the supposed lady who had met her in the wood; and Eugenia, finding by her inquiries that she had not discovered it to be Don Clement (for she did not awake till the strangers were driving away) she resolved not to let her into the truth of an adventure in which she had so near and tender an interest.

“That young lady,” said Eugenia, “is called Donna Aurora de Silvio: she is a particular friend of mine; and I should be much concerned if I thought any misfortune had befallen her. She
has

has indeed been just now taken away by two cavaliers ; but I am inclined to believe it is with her own consent ; for, you know, she desired me not to acquaint my mother with her being at Milan ; and, at the same time, told me that she was not to remain here long : therefore I charge you, Ursina, not to mention the least word of any thing you have seen ; for, if Donna Aurora's relations come to hear of it, it may bring both you and me into trouble.' Ursina, who was none of the cunningest of her sex, promised to be silent.

Eugenia returned home ; but with a heart much heavier than when she left it. Her mother was indisposed, and the Marquis was abroad ; so she saw neither of them that night : but the next day produced a dismal hurricane in the family of the Marquis.

Don Clement had promised faithfully to return next morning ; when the impatient Burganeze, not finding him as good as his word, dispatched one of the servants to Lodi, to inquire the occasion of his delay. The messenger went to the house where he expected to find Don Clement ; but returned with word that he had not been there at all.

Madame Burganeze, alarmed to the last degree at neither seeing nor hearing from him all that day, had now lost all patience : when the night and the succeeding day passed over without bringing any news of him, she stamped and raved like a mad woman ; beat her maids, broke her china, and tore her hair. The Marquis, who till now was an utter stranger to her extravagant passion for Don Clement, was amazed at her behaviour. ‘ What then, Madam,’
said

said he, ‘ and did you really love Pimenteles ?’—“ Yes,” cried she, furiously ; “ and was beloved again.”—‘ I am surprised,’ answered the Marquis, with an indignant smile, ‘ that he should so cruelly desert you, if you were the mistress of his heart.’—“ Oh traitor !” said Madame Burganeze, “ are you then at the bottom of this contrivance, to rob me of my love ? Be assured, if I find it out, I will make you an example to all perfidious brothers.” She pronounced this in a resolute tone, staring all the while at the Marquis as if she were possessed. ‘ For shame, sister !’ said he, calmly : ‘ moderate this excessive frenzy, or you will oblige me to abate of that respect I should chuse to treat you with ; which as I should be sorry to do, I will leave you to your cooler thoughts.’ Saying this, he made

her a low bow, and left her to vent her fury by herself.

Whilst many fruitless inquiries were making after Don Clement, Ursina, who began to entertain some suspicions about the adventure in the wood, addressed Eugenia thus:—"Here is a mighty work," said she, "to know what is become of Signior Pimenteles! Why, I'll be burnt if it was not he who carried away your friend Donna Aurora. It must be so. What other reason can he have for absenting himself? If you should find this to be the case, I hope you will allow me to be a woman of penetration."

Eugenia, pleased to find her in such an error, said she was certainly in the right:—"How stupid was I," said she, "not to think of this! Aye, I make
no

no doubt that Don Clement was the traitor; for," added she, "the fright I was in would not suffer me to make any particular observations on the ravishers. But you remember we are not supposed to know any thing of this matter; I beg therefore you may continue to keep the discreet silence you have hitherto observed." Ursina could hardly be prevailed upon to lose the merit of this discovery: however she at last promised to hold her tongue.

Eugenia, who saw that the Marquis was equally surprised and grieved at the strange and abrupt manner of Don Clement's disappearing, resolved to keep him no longer in the dark; but to confess the truth of this mysterious adventure. She knew that her uncle loved her, and was discreet. She therefore, with the greatest candour, related the

whole story, from the beginning to the end, without disguising the least circumstance, not even the passion she had conceived for Don Clement; and concluded her narration with conjuring the Marquis to forgive her for having made a secret to him of an affair in which her heart was so nearly concerned; assuring him, at the same time, she meant to conceal it no longer than till Don Clement had made the explanation he had promised; and which, she was inclined to believe, would unfold a mystery that had given her great uneasiness.

The Marquis heard her attentively, and with evident marks of surprize:—
“ You were in the wrong,” said he,
“ in not trusting me with this secret;
and, had you ventured to make me your confidant, it would have saved us all some trouble. But Don Clement’s
strange

strange conduct astonishes me. If he really loved you, he had reason to believe that he had my approbation : for, to tell you the truth, Eugenia, I even gave him to understand so much in terms, which at once shewed my esteem for him and the high opinion I had of his desert. He indeed received the overture with all the appearance of gratitude and respect ; and made use of words, to testify his acknowledgements, so passionate and expressive, that I thought his heart was sensibly affected. He thanked me for the honour I intended him ; and, with his face covered with blushes, told me, he would endeavour to deserve it.

“ I could not help smiling at his bashfulness, at the same time that I thought it very amiable ; but not caring to increase his confusion, I for that

time dropped the subject. I imagined that Don Clement would, in politeness, have been the first who would have reassumed it; but quite otherwise;—I found he ever after avoided mentioning any thing that could introduce a theme which, I supposed, would have been most agreeable to him. He even grew melancholy, and sighed whenever you appeared! I took occasion from this to rally him a little on his shyness; he fell again into the same confusion that he had discovered the first time I mentioned you to him. He told me that he was afraid he was not capable of touching your heart; and added, that he had a certain delicacy in his sentiments that made him miserable; for, said he, the person who is to make me happy, must love me with a tenderness equal to that with which my soul is filled; and, alas! I dare not flatter myself
that

that I shall meet with that person in the beautiful Eugenia.

"I must own," proceeded the Marquis, "that I was much surprised at what Don Clement said. I answered, gravely, I don't know, Signior, how my niece is affected toward you; I suppose she can't be blind to your merit; and I have even heard her express the good opinion she has of you; but for those tender sentiments which you require, you are only to expect a discovery of them from Eugenia's own mouth, and that as a reward of your love and constancy; but, since you are not inclined to make the experiment, we will drop a subject which may not be altogether agreeable to either of us.

"I pronounced these last words in a tone so serious, and, at the same time, with

with some mixture of resentment, that I perceived Don Clement was almost ready to sink with grief and shame. ‘Oh my Lord,’ said he, in a broken voice; ‘you do me the greatest injustice! Why will you entertain a thought so injurious to the respect I have always entertained for you? Ah, if you knew my heart,’ added he (laying hold, fearfully, of one of my hands) ‘you would be convinced of the love, the gratitude, and the reverence which I bear you; yes, my Lord,’ continued he (pressing my hand with a more assured air) ‘it is nothing but a diffidence of my own worth which has prevented me from improving the favourable disposition that you have towards me; for, notwithstanding the flattering prospect which you have permitted me to entertain, I have remarked

a cold-

a coldness and reserve in the fair Eugenia, which have damped all my hopes."

"Don Clement spoke this," proceeded the Marquis, "in so dejected a tone, that I could not forbear pitying him; and, altering my countenance all at once, I told him, laughing, that he had too much modesty for a cavalier so young and handsome as he was; and that however necessary a certain degree of it might be to make one agreeable, yet an excess served only to render those who possessed it miserable, by making them timorous, and filling their heads with vain doubts and apprehensions. You don't know your own strength, added I; I believe my niece's heart is not pre-engaged; she is a woman, and I suppose, not more obdurate than the rest of her sex; and I think you have as much to recommend you as any of ours.

ours. Don Clement answered this with a bow; but, at the same time, told me there was another obstacle to his wishes which gave him new torment: 'Madame Burganeze,' proceeded he, 'seems averse from my desires, and keeps so strict a watch over her daughter, that I find it impossible to speak to her but in her mother's presence.'

"I had," continued the Marquis, "made the same observation myself; but, little suspecting the real motive of her conduct, I only fancied your mother had conceived some secret dislike to Don Clement; into the cause of which I had resolved to enquire at a proper opportunity. In the mean while I told Don Clement that I would be an advocate for him, both with you and my sister; and that, after having sound-ed your inclinations, which I promised myself

myself were favourable enough towards him, I was in hopes that Madame Burganeze would not oppose a union which she would find acceptable to me and my niece. Be therefore contented, added I, for I will not rest till I have disposed Eugenia's heart to make you all the kind returns you can wish.

“ This conversation,” continued the Marquis, “ passed between Don Clement and me the morning of that day on which he appointed you to meet him in the wood. What his design was in this assignation, I am strangely at a loss to conjecture; but certain I am, that Don Clement was guided throughout his whole conduct by so mysterious a principle, that the more I reflect on it the more I am puzzled.”

‘ I am as much at a loss as you are, my Lord,’ replied Eugenia; ‘ but I
am

am satisfied Don Clement had something important to reveal to me, which probably would have cleared up a behaviour that now appears so unaccountable; and, had he not been pursued by the most whimsical destiny, two minutes would have disclosed what may now, perhaps, keep me to the end of my life in suspense.'

"Time," answered the Marquis, "may yet bring this mystery to light; till then I will suspend my judgment, and endeavour to think favourably of a man whom I could wish to find deserving of the most warm esteem I had for him."

While Madame Burganeze continued to make bitter lamentations for the absence of her lover, poor Eugenia was a thousand times more tortured on the same

same account; for, not daring to let her mother be a witness of her tears, she was obliged to live under the most painful constraint.

She hourly regretted the loss of Don Clement; and some weeks having passed over without her hearing any news of him, she begged her mother would permit her to revisit her native Salerno, in order, once more, to see her old and dear friend Adelaide.

Madame Burganeze, to whom every thing was now become indifferent, easily consented to let her daughter take this journey. Eugenia was quickly ready, little preparation serving for the time she was allowed to stay; and she set out for the kingdom of Naples, with her governante, and a retinue, more suitable

able to her quality than that with which she had left it.

Eugenia had not given Adelaide notice of her arrival in Salerno; but impatient to embrace that dear friend, and having a mind to surprise her with the suddenness of her appearance, she alighted at the Baron St. Seberina's house, and, with her accustomed freedom, ran up into Adelaide's apartment.

She found that Lady in her closet, seated at her bureau, where she had just done writing a letter;—she had her pen in one hand, and with the other held her handkerchief before her eyes. Eugenia waited some minutes, to try if her friend would quit this melancholy posture; but finding her still continue in it, she ran to her, and embracing her tenderly,

derly, "what ails my dear Adelaide?" said she; "you had not this sorrowful air when I last saw you: I came to Salerno on purpose to receive some comfort from your sweet society; but I find you in a way which tells me you have yourself need of consolation." "And who is more capable of consoling me than you?" answered Adelaide, returning her friend's caresses; "if I may yet hope for any happiness, it is in the friendship of my Eugenia. Tell me," added she, "are Madame Burganeze and the Marquis, your uncle, well? But above all, say, is Don Clement still coldly ceremonious, or am I to congratulate you on being happy?"

"Oh no! far from it," answered Eugenia, with a sigh; "I am more wretched than ever; I have lost Don Clement; had him torn from me when
hope

hope began to flatter me ! and may perhaps never see him again !” Here she related to her friend the particulars of all that had passed ; some part of which she had communicated to her by letter.

‘ How much am I affected with your story !’ said Adelaide ; ‘ there is a purity in our misfortunes that touches me strangely ; and if I loved you less, would force me to sympathize with you.’—

“ How !” cried Eugenia : “ is love then the occasion of this sad alteration which I perceive in you ? is it to love you owe that dejection in your eyes, that faded colour in your cheeks, and that disordered air about your whole person ?” ‘ To that self same passion,’ answered Adelaide, assuming a little gaiety, to hide the confusion her friend’s words had thrown her into ; ‘ I shall tell you the whole secret,’ added she ;
‘ and

“and I had even disclosed it to you in a letter which I just concluded when you entered the closet. But come, it is now dinner-time, and you have not yet seen my father.” Saying this, she led her friend to the old Baron, who was highly pleased at seeing her again; and, after mutual civilities, they sat down to table.

Eugenia was so impatient to be alone with her friend, that dinner was no sooner over than, making a sign to Adelaide, that lady immediately arose from her seat, and, telling the Baron, with a smile, that Eugenia and she had many things to talk of, they retired to Adelaide’s apartment; where, having locked themselves in, Eugenia claimed her friend’s promise.

“You may remember,” said Adelaide, “at your departure from Salerno,

no, in how much grief you left me; and indeed, my sorrow at losing you was so great, that my health was visibly impaired by it: my father, with the greatest concern, saw my melancholy, but told me he would not suffer me to indulge it. He assured me I should see you again, though he were himself to undertake a journey with me to Milan for that purpose;—mean time, said he, I will find a companion for you, who, though not perhaps so beloved by you as your Eugenia is, yet may make you some amends for her absence. I am now going to pay a visit to my kinsman, Signior Caraffa, whom I have not seen for some time; and I will ask leave for his daughter to come and bear you company.

“ I thanked my father for his tenderness; and assuring him I would be
very

very glad to have my cousin with me, he went to wait on her father, who very readily granted his request; and Faustina (that was my cousin's name) came to me the same day.

“ My father was so pleased with the hopes of diverting my melancholy, that I could not help seeming highly satisfied with her company. She was mistress of a great deal of wit, and did not want for good-nature; but her carriage was a little too shy and reserved to make her a very agreeable companion: and, in reality, I did not think myself over and above happy in her conversation.

“ She had now been some weeks with us, when, one morning, going to hear mass (as was our custom) we had but just kneeled down when Faustina

tina whispered in my ear,—Look, Adelaide, at that cavalier, who stands next the altar, in mourning, and tell me if you ever saw any thing so handsome?—I cast my eyes where she directed me, and saw the gentleman whom she described. He seemed to be an agreeable genteel person, though something past his bloom. I told her I thought he had nothing remarkable in him: and the place we were then in not being proper for observation of this kind, I turned my face away, and opened my breviary.

“ When mass was over, I observed Faustina under some uneasiness; for the stranger (who had employed her thoughts and her eyes when she should have been minding her devotion) had suddenly stepped out among the crowd. She made all possible haste to get out of church :

church: I followed her; and we had but just got without the gate when we saw our cavalier talking very familiarly to an Abbé of our acquaintance—the latter bowed to us as we came towards him; and immediately the stranger whispered him, which I judged was to enquire who we were? for I immediately heard my name pronounced, and the cavalier say,—She is very handsome! Faustina heard those last words; but not knowing to which of us they were directed, she flattered herself they were meant for her.

“When we got into our coach, Now, cousin, said she to me, tell me your opinion of that stranger; for my part, I think I never beheld any thing so beautiful.—I could not help smiling at so fantastical a taste; which Faustina observing,—I see, said she, he has not

the good fortune to have pleased you; but, as I think you have some skill in beauty, I should be glad you would tell me what he wants to make him completely amiable?—He wants every thing, replied I, laughing out-right; and, if you will hear me patiently, I will describe him in his true colours, for I examined him with a less partial eye than you did.—Come then, answered Faustina, peevishly, let me hear.

“ In the first place then, said I, his stature is too low.—Why I grant you, said she, interrupting me, that it would be better if he was a little taller; but, to make amends for this deficiency, he is perfectly genteel.—I will allow, answered I, that he has a tolerable air, that at first sight strikes, but when you come to examine him, he wants shape; I could almost say proportion: then for his face, since

since you take me for a judge of beauty, indeed, cousin, I think he has neither features nor complexion; and if I be not much deceived, he could almost be your father.

“ Though I still kept up my rallying manner, I found that Faustina had lost all patience.—Oh heavens! said she, that I should fancy you have any taste! I suppose you admire the coarse look of a peasant, that lies down and rises with the sun. The cavalier has a delicacy of complexion that may indeed proceed from a weakly constitution; but his features are the most elegant I have seen: and for his age, which you have advanced so much, I can, for my part, see no disparity between it and my own.

“ My cousin, who was naturally a little passionate, spoke this with so much

E. 3.

earnest-

earnestness, that I did not care to contradict her any further; and was glad that our conversation was broke off by the carriage stopping at our own door.

“ From what I have said, you may judge what kind of a person this was. The next morning the Abbé, whom I mentioned to you, came to breakfast with us:—you may be sure Faustina did not forget to enquire particularly after her favourite. The Abbe informed us that his name was Signior Ambrosia de Castellane; that he was a native of the island of Sardinia, and came to Salerno in order to take possession of a small estate that fell to him by the death of an aunt. To these he added some other particulars, which naturally fell in his way (or at least were thrown there by my cousin); such as, that he was unmarried; that he lodged in the college with

with a student, his relation; and that he intended to stay some months in Salerno.

“ I know not whether it was by design or accident that Castellane, the next day, passed by our house. Faustina was leaning against the window of my dressing-room, which looked into the street; I was sitting at my toilet. Come hither quickly, Adelaide, said she, in a voice of transport: see the charming stranger!—I rose off my chair, and, stepping to the window, saw Signior Ambrosia, who, remarking us, gazed for a minute, with a look more of curiosity than politeness. How handsome he is! said Faustina, with an air of surprise and pleasure: what would I give (added she, after a short pause) that his quality and fortune were such as would entitle him to ask me of my fa-

ther!—but what am I thinking of? he does not know me at all; much less does he know that I am charmed with him. We must inform him then, said she (looking at me, with an absent air); and teach him to raise his wishes and his hopes. With this she darted suddenly to my closet, and shut herself in.

“ I waited, with some impatience, to see what would be the result of her contemplations; little dreaming how she was employed.

“ In about half an hour she came out to me, with an air of much satisfaction in her face. She had a paper, wrote, in her hand.—I have something to shew you, said she; but you must first promise you will not make any objections; for I tell you, before hand, I have taken a resolution which nothing can
make

make me alter.—Then be assured, said I, that I shall not make any attempts which, I am persuaded, would be fruitless.—You are in the right, replied Faustina; and at the same time gave me the paper, which she had held back whilst she was speaking to me. The words it contained were as follows:—

‘ My tenderness forces me to discover what my pride would, in vain, persuade me to conceal. I love you, Don Ambrosia; and, if you know your own worth, this confession will not surprise you, though I add to it that it comes from a woman of the first quality in Salerno. I shall be at the ball which the Prince gives to-night, in hopes of seeing you there; for I propose no other pleasure in going. I shall be in white and gold; and I shall wear a remarkable diamond in my breast, which will be enough to distinguish me: but,

E 5.

should

should chance alone direct your eyes to mine, they will be sufficient to discover her who admires you above all mankind.'

" I read this astonishing letter twice (pursued Adelaide) before I could believe my eyes; when, returning it to Faustina, I asked her, gravely, what she meant to do with it?—To dispatch it off hand, replied she, to Castellane: I know where he lives, and my woman can be trusted.—With this she was leaving the room, when I cried out to her, For heaven's sake, cousin, reflect one minute on what you are going to do: you, indeed, forbid me to contradict you, but I am too much your friend to obey you.—Spare yourself the trouble of arguments, interrupted Faustina; I believe you love me; and on any other occasion I would be guided wholly by
your

your prudence; but in the interests of the heart, we ourselves are our best counsellors. I knew every thing you would say, continued she: you would tell me that I am rash; that I forget what is due to my sex and my quality; in a word, that I break in on the rules of modesty and discretion. Ah, let it be so:—I know this is what you would say, and I even think I deserve it; but, conscious as I am of my own weakness, I have not power to oppose it. See then, Adelaide, if I can be reasoned out of a prepossession which all my own efforts have not been able to conquer: but don't think I yield without reluctance; for, alas, I must yield, and you must assist me with your friendship.—With this she embraced me; and I was so softened by her words, that I found myself more inclined to pity than condemn her.

“ She saw the temper she had wrought me into ; and, leaving me in a moment, she took that opportunity to dispatch her letter, flattering herself that, though I did not approve of her conduct, I would at least not reproach her with it.

“ The messenger whom she employed acquitted herself very well ; for, not finding Don Castellane at home, she gave the letter to his footman ; and telling him it was of consequence, charged him to find out his master directly, and deliver it to him.

“ Faustina, having her head now filled with a thousand pleasing ideas, prepared for the ball. She was genteel, and, though not a beauty, might yet stand amongst the foremost rank of the agreeable. I never saw her take so
much

much pains to dress herself as she did that evening; and, having put on the clothes she described in her note, she added the jewel which, as a propitious star, was to direct her lover. This she made serve as a kind of clasp to fasten a bouquet of flowers in her bosom.

“ As I had been invited to the ball as well as Faustina, I went with her; and we had but just taken our seats when we saw our little cavalier enter, dressed as richly as any body there. He happened to place himself just opposite to us: but never did I see any one in such perplexity as he seemed to be: there was a splendid appearance of ladies on all sides of us; and, as we happened not to sit in the most conspicuous part of the room, he seemed utterly at a loss where to fix; and, I believe, had almost tired himself with looking for the lady
to

to whom he was so much obliged. When the ball opened, the Prince doing me the honour to dance with me, the company on this occasion stood up; and Don Ambrosia, more intent on finding out his mistress than on observing the dancers, at last discovered her; but whether by the bright signal on her breast, or the more expressive language of her eyes, I never yet could be certain.

“ He gave her to understand he had found her out by a most profound bow; which salute I just saw her returning, with looks full of more than complaisance. When I was led back to my seat, I observed that Castellane began to give himself more airs than he had done before; and his eyes were seldom off my cousin or me during the whole entertainment.

“ Faustina

“Faustina wished often to see him dance; but he did not give her that pleasure. However, when the company broke up (which was not till near morning) we saw him pressing through the crowd to get to us, in order, as I supposed, to lead us to our coach; when two gentlemen, who had waited on us to the ball, taking my cousin’s hand and mine, took that office upon themselves; which Faustina, for her part, had much rather have bestowed on Don Ambrosia. She therefore was obliged to content herself with casting a look at him; which shewed with what reluctance she gave her hand to another. He returned this with a low bow; and immediately went out with a crowd of other gentlemen.

“If Faustina was charmed with him before, this last interview rivetted her chains.

chains. She talked of nothing else ;—
What do you think he will do, said
she, now that he knows by whom he is
beloved ? Do you believe the disco-
very was agreeable to him ?—You need
not doubt, replied I, that he will pursue
a conquest which does him so much
honour. Nor was I out in my suppo-
sition : Castellane was too proud of it
not to use it to his advantage. He soon
found means, by the help of Faustina's
woman, to get a letter conveyed to his
mistress. I happen to have it still in my
possession. You will be a judge of it.”
With this Adelaide went to her cabinet,
and taking the letter from thence gave
it to her friend to read. “ Too sure I
am (said the letter) that I have not me-
rit enough to deserve the happiness you
flatter me with ; or you would certainly
make me the vainest of mortals. If it
be indeed possible that the sentiments
your

you profess for me are real, I shall endeavour to render myself worthy of them: if feigned only to divert yourself, I can easily forgive such an agreeable deceit: and, either way, I beg you will afford me an opportunity personally to thank you for the honour you have done me."—Eugenia having read this epistle, returned it to Adelaide, and begged her to pursue her story.

"Though my cousin (continued that lady) was pleased with the gallantry of Signior Ambrosia, relative to his request of seeing her; though it was no more than what she might have expected; she well knew that, as he was not upon a footing with her, either in point of fortune or quality, she must never hope to have him admitted as a lover, either by her father or by mine. Whatever, therefore, was to be done, it must be entirely

entirely without the knowledge of either of them.

"She had recourse to me in this emergency; and begged my advice and assistance. She told me she was resolved to see Castellane; but did not know in what manner to contrive an interview with him. I was sorry to see her embarked in an affair that I foresaw might end unhappily: but I knew her temper too well to hope for any thing by opposing her; especially where her heart was so nearly concerned. All I could expect then was, that she would conduct herself with as much caution and secrecy as so delicate a point required.

I told her I was satisfied she ought to comply with Don Castellane's request of allowing him to see and talk to her, as there was no retreating handsomely, after

after the advances she had made. Yet I recommended it to her not to be too hasty in granting him a meeting, till we had concerted measures for our mutual safety.

“ She saw the reasonableness of this advice; and, readily agreeing to it, she answered Don Ambrosia’s letter in a few lines, telling him she would consider of the means to gratify him in the desire he expressed to thank her for the favourable sentiments she had for him; the sincerity of which she assured him of, in a manner that left him no more doubt of her being in earnest.

“ I shall not trouble you with a repetition of all the letters that passed on both sides, and the contrivances that were formed, in order to effect the meeting between the two lovers, before any expedient

expedient was fixed upon. At last an opportunity offered that determined Faustina in a desire she had before entertained, of receiving him here ; which she was afraid to venture on before, lest my father should discover it : but as he was now obliged, on urgent business, to be absent from home for a few days, my cousin was resolved not to let slip so favourable a juncture. She communicated her design to me :—I thought it feasible, and much less liable to censure than to indulge him in an assignation in any other place. She thanked me for my concurrence ; and wrote a little note to Don Ambrosia, appointing the manner and hour of his visit, which was to be that evening.

He did not fail to come agreeably to his instructions ; and was conducted by my cousin's woman into a parlour remote

mote from the rest of the apartments. Faustina beseeched me to entertain him for a few minutes, till she had recollected her spirits, which were indeed much agitated at the thoughts of her being so near the object of her love. I went down into the parlour, where I found Castellane in a musing posture, with his eyes fixed on the ground. He started up on my entering the room; and I observed he changed colour as he saluted me. I was in some confusion myself: however I prayed him to sit down. He seemed embarrassed; which increased the disorder that the circumstance of this whimsical adventure had thrown me into. We were both silent. I was very glad when Faustina came in to put an end to this awkward scene.

“ Her presence seemed to inspire him with more boldness; when, on the contrary,

contrary, I supposed it would have rather added to his timidity. He thanked her in the politest manner for the honour she had done him; and testified his gratitude in the most obliging terms; but it appeared to me he expressed himself with an ease and freedom that favoured more of the courtier than the lover:—his language wanted that warmth and energy which springs from the heart; the emotions of which are indeed more easily counterfeited than disguised. In a word, I thought I penetrated into his breast, and did not find there so deep a sense of the favours my cousin had vouchsafed him as I could have wished.

“After the first compliments were over (which threw Faustina into fresh agitation) Don Ambrosia artfully, and not ungracefully, turned the conversation; which, on becoming more general, I bore

bore an equal part in. I found the Sardinian did not want wit; he was entertaining and sprightly; had an agreeable voice, and a certain vivacity in his manner which rendered his company pleasing enough. This was all I could ever bring myself to think of him, though Faustina discovered some new charms in him every time she saw him.

“Before he left us, he obtained his mistress’s permission to wait on her again the next evening. He came; and my cousin thought the hours she spent with him too happy not to wish for a long continuance of them. In short, though my father was to return the following day, and Faustina knew it was of the utmost importance to conceal her amour from him, yet, so blinded was she by her passion for Don Castellane, that she engaged him to renew his visits on certain

tain days which she promised to appoint, with this caution only, that he should always come at an early hour, when my father was engaged in his private devotions; which took a large portion of his time every evening.

“ Having thus concerted measures for their future meetings, Faustina had frequent opportunities of seeing her lover, without any danger of being surprized. It happened one evening that, just as Castellane had been admitted, Faustina received a letter from her mother on some business which required an immediate answer: she begged I would go to him and make her excuses. While she wrote, the messenger waited for her letter, which I knew would employ her for some time. I went into the parlour, and, making an apology to Don Ambrosia for Faustina's absence, I told

told him she would hasten hither with all the dispatch she could make.—In the mean time, said he (rising off his seat, and advancing towards me with an assured air) we will make ourselves as happy as if she were here.—Saying this, he sat down by me.—Would you be angry with me now, said he, if I should tell you that I love you better than I do your cousin?—As I was far from imagining him serious, I only answered with a careless smile, as a mark of the little stress I laid upon what he said. But, instead of understanding it in this light, he, I suppose, looked upon it as a proof of approbation, which encouraged him to go on.

“ Believe me, my charming Adelaide, said he, I have adored you from the first moment I saw you; and have a thousand times cursed my fate that did

not give me your heart instead of Faustina's.—He concluded this impertinent speech with snatching one of my hands and pressing it eagerly to his lips. A behaviour so unexpected quite confounded me. I pulled back my hand with indignation, and was going to speak, when he prevented me by pursuing his speech with saying, Will you suffer me to tell you the power you have over me,—the joy your presence brings,—and the pain I feel at your absence: that you are the object of my wishes,—the delight of my soul; and, in short, that my existence hangs upon you?— Hold, Signior, said I, scornfully; you carry the jest a little too far! —Oh heavens! said he, do you think I jest? Cruel creature! hear me but swear—— Fye, fye, Don Ambrosia! said I, interrupting him: What would Faustina say, if she thought you capable
of

of so much treachery? Reflect but on what you owe her, and you must blush for your ingratitude.—Why, I own, replied Castellane, I owe obligations to that lady, and am sorry I can't make her the return she deserves: but, added he, with a sigh (half-real and half-affected) one can't bestow their heart where they please.—I say the sigh was half-affected, because Ambrosia was not a man that would die for love: and I believe that he even repented of having declared himself so freely to me, when he found in what manner I received his addresses. Be that as it will, I forbade him to say any more on that subject: and, in reality, I conceived such a despicable opinion of him at that moment, that it remained ever after.

“Faustina, who had by this time dismissed her mother's messenger, flew to

us with her usual impatience; and but just gave Don Ambrosia (who heard her coming) time to return to the chair he had quitted at the beginning of our conversation.

“He ran to meet her; and even complained of her being absent so long: but, whether Faustina had remarked any disorder in my countenance, or whether, as she was naturally jealous and had more penetration than I, she might have discovered some symptoms of his inclination for me, 'tis certain she received him with more coldness than she was used to do: she spoke but little; and put Don Castellane in mind of retiring much sooner than he was accustomed to do. When he was gone, I asked her, in the kindest manner, what it was that made her so thoughtful in the presence of one who used to banish every uneasy reflection

reflection from her mind?—I was not, answered she, in a humour that would suffer me to be a very agreeable companion to Don Ambrosia; but you, I hope, made amends for my unsociableness. How, added she, fixing her eyes on me, did you entertain him before I came to you? No doubt he was strangely impatient at my long delay: but was there no pretty obliging things passed between you, to make the time appear less tedious?—Indeed, cousin, answered I (a little confused at the ironical air with which she spoke) our conversation was on matters merely indifferent. I don't know what trifles they were we were talking of; but I believe you was partly the subject of our discourse.—Don't be insincere, replied Faustina, gravely:—Do you know that it is possible for a woman to die of curiosity? Tell me therefore ingenuously, does not

Don Castellane make love to you?—Some
 home a question made me blush ex-
 tremely. I remained for some moments
 silent; notwithstanding which, my cou-
 sin as if I had already answered her in
 the affirmative, cried, Aye, I know it;
 the ungrateful wretch! — who would
 have expected this from him?—Here
 she was silent for some time; and walked
 to and fro in the chamber, with a very
 disturbed air. I did not interrupt her;
 but was considering with myself in what
 manner I should lay open Don Ambro-
 sia's falshood, without too much shock-
 ing her tenderness; or leaving her room
 to suspect I had given any encourage-
 ment to the ridiculous declarations he
 had made me.

“ If, on the one hand, I was grieved
 to wound her heart with the knowledge
 of

of his perfidy ; I was, on the other, highly pleased to think that so flagrant a proof of it would at once cure her of a blind passion, which she had so unhappily conceived.—This last reflection made me resolve what part to take immediately. Therefore, addressing Faustina :—That Castellane has made some foolish professions of love to me I will not deny ; but, if you think that I either heard him with pleasure, or am inclined to make him the least return, you do me the greatest injustice. On the contrary, I most heartily despise him ; and could wish to see him meet with the punishment which he deserves :—I mean that of your banishing him from your thoughts, and forbidding him appearing before you again.—Ah dissembler ! cried Faustina, this artifice is too gross ! Is it thus then you would have me punish Castellane ? You would have me

banish him my sight, that you may for ever keep him in yours. Yes; you would engage me to cast away my happiness, in order to secure your own. No, Adelaide; no; 'tis you who must banish him your presence. Alas! I don't wonder that you love him: but, if you love me, and would have me believe you innocent, you must never see Castellane again.

“ I was strangely surprised to hear Faustina talk thus. I imagined that, whatever share of her resentment I was to feel, that which she would conceive against Don Ambrosia must produce the effects I wished; and that nothing less than an utter contempt of him must have followed the discovery of his crime; but, by the most whimsical caprice imaginable, my cousin accused me of having a passion for Ambrosia, whilst she overlooked

looked a fault in him, which is the last a woman can pardon in a lover.

“ I could easily forgive the first part of her error, as it is natural for us, when we are prepossessed with too favourable an opinion of another, to believe every one else possessed with the same sentiments. However, I quickly undeceived Faustina as to this particular, by assuring her that Castellane was so very indifferent to me, that, if she desired no other proof of it than my never seeing him again, I should consent to it with a peculiar satisfaction; which, however, would be doubled if she would join me in the same resolution: and I protested to her, that I urged it from no other motive but a consciousness of Ambrosia's ingratitude, and a desire to see her heart freed from engagements so unworthy of it.—I shall,

F 5 replied

replied Faustina, require no other testimony of your regard for me, than that which I have already mentioned: for the rest, leave it to myself.

“ I again repeated it to her, that I would never see Ambrosia more; and was as good as my word. But, at the same time, it gave me real concern to find, that the light I had given her into this insincere man’s character had made an impression on her, so contrary to my hopes; and that, altogether neglecting my counsel, she obliged me to abandon her to her own inclinations. And indeed, so far was she from breaking with Castellane, that she permitted him to visit her a few days after; and, I found by her behaviour, this cunning stranger had the art to turn every thing which passed between him and me into ridicule. Faustina had no doubt accused him; and

and I soon perceived that he had justified himself at my expence; for my cousin told me, after her first conversation with him, that I had been a little too hasty in giving credit to the professions of love which Don Ambrosia had amused me with, purely out of gallantry, and to pass away half an hour that hung heavily on his hands; but that he was far from supposing I could be so childish as to believe him serious, much less to repeat what he had said to his mistress.

“ I did not attempt to disabuse her;—and indeed it would have been in vain: for, notwithstanding that it was her own suspicion which had given rise to the discovery of Ambrosia’s falsehood, and that she was at first persuaded of the certainty of it; yet, so inconsistent was her judgment, and so great

was the ascendant Castellane had over her, that he found it an easy matter to persuade her to believe what she wished to be true. In a word, her passion became so extravagant, that I began to dread the effect of it; and was resolved to advise her mother to recall her home; when an accident happened which prevented my design.

“ There was a property in the neighbourhood of Salerno which had for some years been in dispute between my father and a lawyer, named Oforio :—a suit had been depending on this occasion for a long time : both parties were obstinate in the defence of it; and the cause was pursued so warmly, that it cost both my father and the lawyer almost the worth of the estate, without either of them being the nearer gaining their point; when, tired at length with
the

the delays they met with, they, by mutual consent, let the affair drop.— Things remained in this posture near two years, when a certain nobleman, who had set his heart on this domain (intending to dedicate it to some religious use) applied to the lawyer, in order to purchase it. This revived the controversy. My father insisted on its being his property (as it really was); and Oforio was as obstinate in maintaining that the right lay solely in him; and was determined to dispose of it, as soon as ever he could get possession. My father, on the other hand, determined not to part with it out of his family, if he recovered his hereditary right to it.

“ This last circumstance inclined the nobleman, who had a mind to be the purchaser, to use all his interest in favour of Oforio. In short, by the artificial

cial management of the lawyer and his patron, my father was upon the point of seeing himself cast, when he resolved to apply to the Viceroy of Naples, to whom he had the honour of being personally known. — Accordingly, our whole family removed to that city : for my father, not caring to leave me behind him, begged of Faustina to accompany me : and, having before obtained leave of Signior Caraffa, she could not refuse to go. I the rather pressed her to this journey, as I believed it would be a more effectual means to remove Castellane from her thoughts ; whose affairs I knew would not permit him to leave Salerno. — Alas ! could I have foreseen what miseries this would plunge me into, I would not have laid the foundation for a change in that fickle heart, whose inconstancy has occasioned me so much torment.

“ This

“ This then was the cause of her separation from Castellane ; he was not enough in love to marry without the hopes of advancing his fortune : and as Faustina’s depended entirely on her father, the mercenary lover could not venture on entering into any engagements. Faustina, on the other hand, wishing to secure his fidelity till some change might happen in her condition, was profuse in her vows of constancy. She took a tender farewell of him the evening before our departure ; and spent the whole night in tears, which she did not even dry up in some days after our arrival at Naples. The first thing she did was to write to her dear Castellane. Her letter was the most passionate one I ever saw. She reiterated her assurance of eternal love ; and begged to hear from him often, as the only consolation she could hope for during so cruel an absence !

“ I have

“ I have troubled you with more particulars of Faustina’s history than were, perhaps, necessary to its connexion with mine ; but, having a mind to shew you her perfidy and ingratitude in its full extent, I traced her story back to the beginning.

“ My father now, in hopes of reinstating himself in that right which his opponent was violently tearing from him, had prepared a memorial, with which he intended to wait on the Viceroy, when, unluckily, a severe fit of the gout (of which he had but just recovered when he left Salerno) returned on him with so much violence, that it obliged him to take to his bed. He was extremely vexed at so great a disappointment ; telling me that he knew that memorials were oftener thrown aside than read or attended to, unless
some

some person, interested in their success, presented them, and endeavoured to engage the Minister's protection. I told him that, as I had the honour of being known to the Viceroy's lady, I thought myself obliged to pay my duty to her; and would, if he approved of it, wait on her with the memorial, which I was sure she would put in her Lord's hands, and interest him in our favour. My father, approving of this, told me there was no time to be lost; wherefore, dressing myself immediately, I prevailed on Faustina to accompany me to the Viceroy's palace.

“ When we arrived there, I enquired for the Duchess D'Offuna; but was informed that she was a little before set out for a country-seat, some leagues from Naples, where she proposed staying a few days. I was mortified at this
disap-

disappointment; but reflecting that my father might be greatly injured by delay, I was resolved not to go back without making some progress in the business he had entrusted me with. It was a gentleman belonging to the Duchess that informed me she was absent: I desired to know if I might be admitted to the Duke himself: he said he would enquire, and inform me presently.—

We were now in a kind of antichamber, in which were above a dozen gentlemen; most of them were walking backwards and forwards, with a restless unsatisfied air, except two or three of the youngest of the company, who had got together at a window, and were entertaining themselves with looking at my cousin and me; and even whispering and laughing, with so little politeness, that it threw us into a sort of confusion. We thought every moment an age, till the
Duchess's

Duchess's gentleman brought us an answer; when, after making us suffer a full half-hour, under the ill-breeding of these loitering gallants, he at last vouchsafed to send one of the Viceroy's pages, to tell us (which he did in very bad Italian; for he was a little Spanish boy, whom the Duke was fond of) that the Viceroy was not to be spoke with; but that we might communicate our business to his Secretary. Chagrined to the last degree at this information, I thought of returning home, without acquitting myself of my errand; when, recollecting how much my father had set his heart on the success of my little embassy, or rather urged on by my fate, I resolved to see this Secretary at all events.

"I begged the page to conduct me to him. He desired us to follow him; which

which we did through several apartments. He was all along, as he went, playing and jumping :—at last, bringing us into a sort of lobby, he burst out a laughing, and ran away ; leaving us to make out the rest by ourselves.

“ Faustina and I looked at one another, with much embarrassment :—we were in a vast large house, that we did not know which way to turn ourselves in ; nor do I believe we could have found our way out again, —the little mischievous page had led us through so many rooms. I was quite ashamed, and at a loss how to behave ; when I saw a door open at the end of the lobby, and two elderly gentlemen came out. I asked one of them, could he direct me to the Secretary ? He told me I should find him in the office just before us ; and, at the same time, observing that
my

my cousin and I were in some little confusion, he, with great civility, said, if I pleased, he would acquaint him that there were ladies who desired to speak with him. I thanked the gentleman for this piece of service, which I gladly accepted of. He went in again; and, returning in a minute, shewed us into the office within the first, where the Secretary waited for us, as it was less public than the outer one.

“ He was standing facing us, with his back to the fire, as we entered the room; by which means I had at once a full view of his person:—but never, Eugenia, never did I behold one so striking!—He had something so inexpressibly charming in his countenance, that, at the first glance, you would imagine nature never formed any thing so complete! He seemed to be about
thirty

thirty years of age; but then, he had a bloom in his face, that would have adorned the most youthful cheek; his eyes were black, and had a mixture of sweetness and dignity in them. In short, his countenance and person (which was of the tallest) conspired at once to form the most graceful object possible! In a word, I was struck at first sight; and, I believe, never delivered myself so awkwardly, or with so much hesitation, as I did to the Chevalier de Ponces.

I told him, in as few words as my confusion would let me, the occasion of my applying to him; and, at the same time, delivered him the memorial; which I begged of him, with all convenient speed, to lay before the Viceroy.—He just ran his eyes over it, with the utmost complaisancy; when, laying it down on a bureau that stood
by

by him, and addressing himself to me, with a smile;—You, Madam, said he, are, I suppose, the Baron's daughter.—I told him I was.—And that lady (looking at Faustina) is your sister, I presume.—No, Sir, was all I answered, a little surprised at his curiosity; and adding immediately, I hope, Sir, you will take the first opportunity of acquainting the Viceroy with my father's business, I rose up to be gone.—You may depend upon it, Madam, said he; and if you will let me know where I may wait on the Baron, I hope I shall have a satisfactory answer to give him to-morrow:—but, perhaps, said he, seeming to recollect himself, his Excellency may be at leisure in half an hour, if you can stay so long; and that may do better; for you can, probably, inform him of some circumstances that may be of weight; and with which I am unacquainted.

“ I had

“ I had risen, as I told you, to go away ; but sat down quickly again ; desirous, as he imagined, of a conference with the Viceroy :—but, alas, it was the person with whom I was already talking that engaged my stay.

“ He now and then applied to Faustina ; but most part of his discourse was addressed to me : and indeed his conversation had such a charm in it, that, instead of half an hour, I stayed above a full one ; when, recollecting that I kept him from affairs of more consequence, though I well saw he was pleased with our company, I rose a second time to take my leave : the Chevalier got up at the same time.—I am afraid, Madam, said he, I have detained you too long ; and I am the more concerned at it, as I see no likelihood of our getting an audience of his Excel-

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lency this morning:—some important dispatches, which he has received from Spain, engages him thus long; but you may depend on my care, added he, obligingly; for I am determined not to sleep till I get an answer that will be every way agreeable to your most sanguine wishes.

“ Though I could not help having a firm reliance on the Chevalier’s word, I was, however, a little mortified at having made no greater progress in the business entrusted to me.—I told him at parting, my father would send to him the next morning. He insisted on waiting on the Baron with the Viceroy’s answer: but as my father was then confined to his bed, I thought a visit might not be so acceptable to him from a stranger; and therefore declined it.—He, very unwillingly, acquiesced, tell-

ing me I must be obey'd: and we left him.

“ When I returned home I gave my father an account of my negociation.— I found he was not satisfied that the memorial was left in the Secretary’s keeping.—He may neglect, said my father, to present it in time to the Viceroy; or, if he should keep his word with you, the Duke may, for want of being properly reminded, throw it in the heap of undistinguished and neglected papers, that are every day preferred to his hand.—Grieved and mortified at what my father said, I told him that, though I could not, without shewing the highest distrust of the Secretary’s integrity, recall the memorial, after the promises he had made; yet, as I would never forgive myself if, through my inadvertance, our cause should suffer, I was willing

ing to try my fortune again; and, for that purpose would, with his Lordship's permission, endeavour to get an audience of the Viceroy next morning. My father, who, as I already told you, had his heart much set on the success of this suit, approved of this; and I pleased with the hopes that I should probably see the object of my new-kindled love, retired with Faustina to my chamber.

“ The conversation immediately turned on the amiable Ponces.—Well, cousin, said I, what do you think of this gentleman? Is your Castellane to be compared to him?—They are different kinds of men quite, said she: Castellane is certainly very handsome; but, yet I think—that Ponces is handsomer, said I, interrupting her:—allow but that, and I will even forgive you for admiring Castellane. Alas! her heart was

but too conscious of this truth : the poison was already received, which afterwards produced the most fatal effects.—She answered me, carelessly, that she had not noticed him enough to give her opinion ; but that, upon the whole, he appeared to be very agreeable. This was all that I could get out of her. She avoided talking of him the rest of the day, and appeared more thoughtful than usual : but this I attributed to nothing but her absence from Don Ambrosia ; whom I always believed uppermost in her mind.

“ The next morning I prepared to wait on the Viceroy. Faustina accompanied me; and, as I was determined not to return without having first been admitted to an audience with the Duke, I yet thought it previously necessary to enquire after the fate of the memorial;
and,

and, in case the Chevalier had not presented it, I was determined to put it myself into the Viceroy's own hands.— You will smile, Eugenia, and think I was glad of the pretence for seeing Ponces. I own it. — I ordered my coach to stop at the Secretary's lodgings. We were shown into a handsome drawing-room; and the Chevalier, on hearing my name, immediately appeared. Though it was yet early, he was dressed with great elegance.—Oh! I could break in on my narration every minute, to expatiate on his graceful manner and appearance! But what is that now to me? He accosted us with a polite and pleasing air.—This unexpected honour, Madam, said he, has saved me from committing a crime this morning; for I was going to disobey you; and, notwithstanding your injunctions, had resolved to wait on you

with the news of my success. The Viceroy, added he, is enraged at the injustice which has been done to my Lord, your father; and has already given orders to oblige Oforio to withdraw his claim.—I endeavoured at making some awkward acknowledgments for the trouble he had taken; but he stopped me, by saying, in a softened tone of voice;—If the Baron will allow me the honour of congratulating him, it will more than recompense me for my solicitude on this occasion.—I blushed at this request. There was something in his looks that expressed a great deal more than his words.—I told him that I would venture to assure him, on the part of my father, that he would be proud to thank him for the favour he had done him, whenever he would give him that opportunity. His eyes sparkled with pleasure;—and he said
he

he would, as soon as the Baron was able to sit up, make use of the privilege I had allowed him.

“ We took our leaves; and, I know not whether the warmth with which the Chevalier seemed to interest himself in our affairs, did not give me at least as much pleasure as his success.

“ I had occasion to call at the house of a friend, on my return home, where Faustina was engaged to pass the day. I sat about an hour with this lady; who was one of the most sensible and polite persons in Naples. Having told her the business we had been about, she rallied me on my visit to the Secretary; for whom she said all the ladies of the court were dying. He is indeed, added she, worthy of being beloved; for his mind is as amiable as his person: he is, be-

fides, of a noble family; and few men can boast more accomplishments than Don Enenique de Ponces. — This short sketch of his character delighted me the more, as coming from one of such understanding and veracity. It served to strengthen my love; and his praises were so grateful to my ears, that I could have thanked the person who uttered them.

“ Having left Faustina with our friend, I returned home alone; and, on the coach's stopping at the door of our own house, I observed a footman walking backwards and forwards; and examining the windows, with great curiosity, as if he waited in expectation of seeing somebody whom he wanted. I immediately recollected his livery to be the same which I had seen but a little before, at the Chevalier's lodgings; and,

and, looking in the man's face, I knew him to be one whom I had seen in the hall as I passed through it. He came up to the coach as I stepped out of it; and, slipping a paper, with a great deal of dexterity, into my hand, he walked away, without waiting for my asking him any questions.

“ As I knew him to be one of the Secretary's footmen, I would have imagined that the letter which he brought concerned only my father's business: but the caution which the fellow observed in watching the door; his privacy in the execution of his errand; and his precipitate departure afterwards, made me suspect that the billet contained something of another nature.

“ I made these reflections whilst I was going to my father's apartment;—

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putting,

putting, therefore, the paper (which I found heavier than ordinary) into my pocket, I acquainted my father with what the Chevalier had done! and, at the same time, commanding his diligence, I told him that De Ponces purposed waiting on him, to wish him joy, when he would permit him that favour.

“ I made haste to my chamber, to examine the packet which I had just received. I found, indeed, that it was a billet from the Chevalier de Ponces: and folded up in it there was a little ivory tablet, on the leaves of which were written, with a pencil, these words in Spanish:—‘ I burn in flames more pure, more bright, more fierce, than those which consume the phoenix. But, alas! my fate is far more unhappy: the phoenix endures his pains but for a while;—mine may outlive the object
who

who creates them !'—I understand so little Spanish, that I could scarce pick out the sense of these lines ; and was surprised that the Chevalier should make choice of a language to express his gallantry, in which, though it was his own native tongue, he might have imagined I, possibly, did not understand. I had not yet read his letter ; but that soon explained this seeming impropriety. It was wrote in Italian : but I will shew it you, that it may not lose by my repetition.—Here Adelaide read as follows:—‘I don’t know whether I ought to bless the tablets for furnishing me with a pretence for writing to you, or accuse them for possessing my heart with jealousy :—but in the very same moment, I discovered it was filled with love.—Jealousy, which to others serves only to allay an excess of happiness, torments me before I have experienced

perienced any joy, but barely that of loving you. The words written in the tablet convince me that your heart is given away. Oh! how much to be envied is his felicity, who is master of such a treasure!—how much to be pitied, the man who must never hope to possess it!

“ Nobody, my dear Eugenia, can better judge than yourself, of the pleasure that this letter gave me. To be loved by Don Enenique, was to me a happiness so transcendant, that were I left to chuse a supreme good from all the blessings and bounties which the most indulgent stars ever showered down on a mortal, this only would I have desired to have been my lot. How delighted, then!—how transported was I, to find myself possessed of what I so ardently wished. Gracious God, make
me

me always worthy of his love ; and, if an innocent creature, who reveres thy laws, has any right to thy favour, I ask no other recompense on earth but this man's constancy !—I spoke this with my hands joined fervently, and my eyes lifted up to Heaven ; but my prayers were not heard.

“ The tablet which the Chevalier inclosed in his letter I had never seen before ; therefore, at first I imagined that he had in reality only made that a handle for writing to me, under pretence that he had found it ; and believing it to be mine, restored it to me. Such devices in love are very common ; however, observing that the lines on the tablet were wrote in a hand which I thought I had seen before, I examined them again ; and soon recollected it to be Faustina's writing. I knew she
spoke

spoke Spanish perfectly ; and concluded that her love for Don Ambrosia had forced those romantic compliments from her pencil.

“ I waited with some impatience till she should come home, in order to restore her her tablets ; the loss of which I was sure would vex her. She did not return till late in the evening, when she immediately shut herself up in her own apartment.

“ I went up to her chamber, and was not a little surprised at the situation in which I found her :—she was lying on her bed, with her face bathed in tears ; a letter lay open on a chair by her, which, by the character, I perceived came from Castellane ; and I made no doubt but something relative to him was the occasion of her grief.

“ I ap-

“ I approached her with great concern :—Dear cousin, what is it that afflicts you? Is Don Ambrosia sick, or has he committed any crime against you?—Nothing new, replied she (without looking at me); but I begin to reproach myself for having ever loved a man that, I am now convinced, was unworthy of my regard.—Oh Faustina, said I, had you thought thus before you engaged yourself so far, what an infinite deal of pain would it have saved you! —That is true, said she; but we are not always so happy as to be governed by our reason. Look at that letter (pointing to that which lay on the chair) and tell me if you think that love had any share in the dictating of it.—As Faustina seldom indulged me with a sight of any of her lover’s letters, I was surprised at this unwonted favour: I read it, and found it contained

tained a great many compliments, and some slight assurances of affection.—

This is, said I, returning it to her, an exact copy of Don Ambrosia's mind : and I will not flatter you so far as to say I believe you mistress of his heart.

—Can you then blame me, said she, interrupting me, if I strive to banish him from mine ? Would not you even assist me in a design which you yourself so often wished to see accomplished ?—

Oh certainly, cried I (rejoiced to hear her talk thus) ; and, from the disposition you seem to be in, I fancy there will be less difficulty in the task than we imagined. You need only resolve to like somebody better than Don Ambrosia, which I think you can't fail of doing in a city like Naples, where you may have your choice of the handsomest and most accomplished gentlemen in Italy.—Suppose my choice was
already

already fixed, replied Faustina, smiling ; I believe I shall have your voice for its being a good one, when I tell you that the Chevalier de Ponces has pleased me, and that, by encouraging an inclination for him, I hope, in a little time, to blot Castellane entirely from my memory.

“ If Faustina had named any one else, I should have congratulated her on the change which I already saw was wrought in her heart ; but, at the mention of the Chevalier, I was seized with such an impulse of indignation, that I could scarce forbear reproaching her with her weakness and inconstancy.

“ My cheeks kindled up like fire. However, a moment’s reflection checked me ; and I had so much command over myself as to reply, You should
take

take care, cousin, how you give way to a new passion, before you are sure that it will be more successful than your old one. I am sensible of the Chevalier's merit; but perhaps you may find his heart entertains an affection for some one else. Suppose I should be the object of his love, would you persist in nourishing a flame which, instead of working a cure on your sick mind, might serve only to plunge you into new difficulties and misfortune?—Just so, said Fauffina, scornfully, you would have opposed my inclination for Castellane, because you were but too well pleased with him yourself; and from the same motive, I make no doubt, you would stifle my growing love for Don Ezenique. But know, Adelaide, that it already has taken root in my breast; and that I cherish this new fire more than ever I did that which I felt for Castellane.

Castellane.—See then, said I (provoked at this declaration) what return you are to expect from the Chevalier. With this I put the tablets and the letter which inclosed them into her hands.

“ She now, in her turn, felt her cheeks glowing with blushes she could not hide; and I perceived in her countenance, as she read, a mixture of indignation, pride, and disappointment. I was in some pain to think what effect these violent agitations might produce; when, all of a sudden, and enraged, she was going to satisfy part of the transport of her soul by tearing the letter, if I had not directly snatched it from her.—He might have spared, said she, those fulsome compliments, or else bestowed them in the right place.—Why, cousin, said I, he thought, without doubt, the tablets were mine :—and, for the rest,
you

you well know there is so much caprice in love, that you can't blame the Chevalier for liking me, though you may be a thousand times more amiable. I confess I am as much touched with his merit as you are; but I swear to you, that had you been the object of his love, I should have crushed my tenderness for him in its birth for your sake, as well as my own: and it is for your peace only that I would conjure you to use the same precaution.

"I did not perceive while I was speaking, that her tears began to flow again. I had no sooner left off, than she burst into the bitterest exclamations against the cruelty of her fate; and presented to me, in a few minutes, a picture of a weak heart torn by a multitude of different passions. I saw rage, grief, jealousy, pride, and love possess her alternately;

nately; and, to complete this hurry and tumult in her breast, she had not one resource in the midst of so much distraction: the natural strength and violence of her passions not permitting her even to endeavour to curb them, or so much as once to call reason to her assistance. This belief I am the more willing to entertain, because I would rather attribute her crime to a frail nature than a corrupt heart. Be that as it will, I was so much affected with her tears, that I believe I should have done any thing but resign the Chevalier, to have restored her to her peace; but this was too great a sacrifice. However, the tenderness of my nature would not suffer me to aggravate her pain, by discovering the least joy at the conquest I had obtained over a heart, which I was persuaded she as well as I thought inestimable. On the contrary, I assumed the
utmost

utmost moderation; and, affecting to speak of the Chevalier's passion for me with some indifference, I conjured Faustina to calm her transports; and endeavoured, by the most tender expressions, to assuage the pangs I saw her suffer. Nevertheless, I so well knew to what excesses the violence of her nature inclined her, that I was very cautious what words I made use of in trying to soothe her; and took care to avoid letting drop any hint that might encourage her in her unwarrantable love; for I was convinced by experience, that, were she even possessed but with the smallest prospect of success, she would have gone any lengths to accomplish her wishes; I attempted, therefore, chiefly by my caresses, to bring her mind to its former tranquillity; and flattered myself I had in some measure effected this before I left her.

“ Ponces,

“ Ponces, I have already told you, had begged to make my father a visit ; he did not fail sending to inquire after his health regularly ; and in a few days, my father, being so well recovered as to sit up, sent the Chevalier word he should think himself favoured by a visit from him. You may be sure he did not need a second invitation. My father had ordered himself to be carried into his study, where Faustina and I were sitting at work, when Don Enenique came to wait on him.

“ My father received him with all the marks of distinction that were due to his merit, as well as to a person to whom we were obliged. If the Baron's presence was some constraint on the Chevalier, Faustina's was a thousand times more so on me. She watched both our looks so strictly, that I am sure
one

one glance of Ponces's did not escape her. I believe they were most of them directed to me. However, I kept so rigid a guard over my eyes that I seldom turned them towards him; but when I did, I could easily perceive what pain this seeming coldness of mine gave him.

“He did not stay long with us; and took his leave without having an opportunity of saying a single word to me in particular; but, to make amends, my father was so delighted with his company, that he insisted, in a free manner, on his coming frequently to see him during his stay at Naples; which he now resolved should be for the whole winter.

“Whatever joy I conceived at this, it was not unmixed with the bitterest pain.

pain. I saw but too plainly that the unhappy Faustina pined away with love for the Chevalier; and, far from being sensible of her error, she had only banished Cestellane from her trifling heart, in order to make room for a man from whom she could expect nothing but indifference. What did I not resolve to say and do, to prevent, if possible, the growth of this malady? The most solid remonstrances, the softest persuasions, I knew, to a temper like hers were equally vain; and I gave over all hopes of reasoning her into a sense of her folly. I once more designed to write secretly to her mother, to get her, on some pretence or other, recalled to Salerno; but I rejected this thought almost as soon as I had formed it. It would indeed, said I, remove her from the Chevalier; and thereby rid both him and me from the uneasiness which

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her

her presence must shortly give us, if she persists in her unseasonable love; and, though I have all the reason in the world to believe that absence will work a speedy cure on a mind so weak and inconstant as hers; yet, shall I not have cause to reproach myself if Faustina should, by returning to Salerno, again see Castellane, and reassume her former affection for him (which perhaps may be easily revived by her presence); and by this means plunge herself into misfortunes that may be the utter ruin of her, and afflict her parents to the last degree. I might indeed have advised her mother to be watchful over her conduct, which might have prevented the evil I dreaded; but then, I thought I should be guilty of a piece of cruelty, in not only removing her from Naples, which I knew must be a sensible affliction to her, but even debar her of the liberty and happiness

happiness she might enjoy in Salerno, by inspiring her friends with suspicions which must awaken all their vigilance. — Upon the whole; I dropped this thought; and even accused myself for entertaining it a moment. No; let me never owe my peace to any thing that is either ungenerous or insincere; I will rather confess my love for the Chevalier to Faustina (she already knows of his for me) and will conjure her, by the friendship that is between us, not to disturb an affection which I flattered myself my father might be brought to approve of, as he was already sensible of Don Enenique's merit, and knew he had a fortune not unsuitable to mine.

“ I so much applauded myself for this resolution that I immediately went about the execution of it. I opened

my whole heart to Faustina, in terms the most moving I could think of; I assured her that the Chevalier had made an impression on my heart before I discovered that I had touched his; but that now convinced of the sincerity of his love, I had endeavoured only to conceal my tenderness for him, in order to spare her the mortification of seeing us mutually dear to each other: I pleaded my right to his heart, and to my cousin's friendship and aid, as she formerly had mine on a like occasion. She heard me with an air rather of melancholy than resentment.—I see but too plainly, said she, what all this tends to: you will marry the Chevalier: Is it not so? Yet I blame you not. You must, you will be happy! 'Tis I only that am marked out to be wretched.—She uttered these words in so mournful a tone, that it redoubled my compassion

compassion for her. She thanked me for my tenderness; and assured me that, as she knew her love was quite hopeless, she would not only endeavour to subdue it, but would try to promote the success of mine. I embraced her tenderly: I found my eyes moist with tears. Cherish, my dear Faustina, said I, this noble, this amiable disposition, and you will soon find yourself superior to all the little ills that have afflicted you.

“ I had behaved hitherto with great reserve to Don Enenique, on my cousin's account, who, I saw, was on a perpetual rack whilst I was in his sight; but having, as I thought, acquitted myself with respect to her, and obtained as it were her permission to avow my love, I grew less constrained, and assumed a behaviour more obliging. De Ponçes, who was a welcome as well as

a frequent visitor to my father, was too observant of me not to perceive this change; and, resolving to improve a disposition which appeared so favourable, he took the first opportunity of breaking that silence which had been so painful to him.

“ He came one morning to wait on my father, who happened to be engaged on business; the Chevalier made that the pretence for stepping into the garden, though in reality he had discovered me walking there, from a window in one of the apartments. I was alone, and did not expect such an interview, when I was surprised with the Chevalier’s accosting me. The air with which he approached threw me into some confusion, though it was respectful and even timid; however, he had time to explain

explain himself before I could recover from my disorder.

Don Enenique had that kind of address which captivates at once; and one must hear him favourably almost on any subject.—I can't tell, Madam, said he (bowing gracefully as he drew near me) what impression my boldness may have made on you, since, from the time I restored your tablets to you till this hour, I have never been blessed with a minute's conversation with you, but in the presence of the Baron or your cousin. This difficulty forces me to be abrupt. Tell me therefore, I conjure you, have I offended past forgiveness? Or, added he, after a little pause (with a voice and look irresistibly sweet) will you allow me to hope for pardon?—I own to you, Eugenia, I never was so much embarrassed in my life: I was

unable to speak: the want of words redoubled my confusion: I cast my eyes to the ground: the emotion of my heart was visible in my face. Ponces, whose delicacy made him suffer for the confusion he occasioned me, endeavoured to give me a little more courage: he withdrew his eyes from my face; and presenting me his hand, led me up some steps into a terrace-walk; for we had both stood from the time of his first accosting me. I easily apprehended he did this in order to give me time to recover myself; for he proceeded in his discourse as we walked:—
Speak, amiable Adelaide, said he; I already begin to flatter myself; I know you have a soul too generous to take any pleasure in the painful suspense of one whose happiness depends on you;—
Speak therefore, and let the candour
of

of that excellent heart prevail over your timidity.

“ I raised my eyes to the Chevalier’s face; and thought I could read there the very dictates of his heart. In short, his looks inspired me at once with the same unaffected openness.—What must I say to you, Signior, said I; have you not reason to believe that I have the best opinion imaginable of you, and even the highest esteem. If you suppose that I have kinder sentiments for any other person, you are mistaken; for the lines you saw on the tablets, and which indeed seemed to intimate some such thing, were never wrote by me; and this, if I had had an opportunity, I should have informed you of sooner. I thought I had not said too much; but Don Erenique, who I found knew my heart better than I did myself, put
so

so favourable a construction on my answer, that he thanked me in expressions almost rapturous. In a word, he pleaded his love so successfully, as forced me in the end to make some obliging returns to it.

“ After a conversation like this, you may be sure the Chevalier let no opportunity slip of securing his interest in my heart; and the artful Faustina had gained such a command over her passion, that she never let the least symptom of it break out; in so much that I began to flatter myself she had entirely vanquished it; but, while I was applauding this perfidious creature for a conquest which I thought so conducive to her peace, she was contriving my ruin.

“ She was now become so careless with respect to the Chevalier, that we
used

used sometimes to converse on the subject of our love even before her; and, though I did not altogether confide in her, she yet was well enough apprized how matters stood between Ponce and me. In short, his assiduity at last obtained what he so earnestly solicited, my consent to ask me of my father. He did so the same day I granted it. I can't tell you the particulars of what passed at this conference; but I saw the Chevalier leave my father's apartment; and immediately I was called for, before I had time to hear from him what he had to tell me.—Come hither, Adelaide, said he. What is this I hear? The Spanish Secretary has a mind for you, has he? This he said with a severe look; and waited with his eyes fixed upon me for an answer.—I replied, the Chevalier, Sir, has made his addresses to me, which I confess I have

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listened:

listened to; and am not a stranger to his having asked your Lordship's approbation.—Approbation! interrupted my father, in an angry tone; why, he has just now in point blank terms formally demanded you in marriage; and I, in as point blank terms, have refused him; and that for such reasons as you ought to thank me for. Let it suffice for the present to tell you, that a nobleman of worth, and one of the first estates in the kingdom, seeks my alliance. I expect therefore you will acknowledge my tenderness for your welfare, instead of being chagrined at my denial; but no, added he, I think better of your obedience than to believe you can be displeased at any thing that I shall judge proper to chuse for you. However, as I perceive that you are a little disturbed, retire and shake it off.—I obeyed, without speaking a word;
for

for I thought I could never get soon enough out of my father's presence; and indeed I was so shocked and confounded, that, without directing or even being sensible of my own motions, I found myself in the garden, not knowing how I came there.

“ I walked two or three turns, in the utmost distraction; and was endeavouring to compose my mind, when I entered a little summer-house, where I was sometimes used to entertain the Chevalier. Those thoughts which had possessed me on my first coming into the garden had rather agitated than afflicted me; but now, my ruffled and confused ideas began to give way to the most melancholy reflections. I was seized with an extreme pensiveness at the sight of this little retirement; and sighed the moment I entered it; and, I confess to
you,

you, Eugenia, my weakness was such that I could not refrain bursting into tears. Oh, Don Enenique! said I; and are all our hopes, then, come to this? I sighed deeply; my tears flowed faster than before; and I was obliged to lean against the colonade: my eyes were closed; and I can't say but I was altogether in a state of sensibility. I know not how long I should have remained thus, if I had not been roused by the noise of somebody's entering the summer-house. It was the Chevalier himself!—What is it I see, dear Adelaide? said he;—is it possible I should be the occasion of these tears? or rather, is it possible you can weep when Ponces is so near you?—Yes, answered I, drying my eyes; when Ponces and I must part for ever.—How, Madam? said he; are you then as cruel as your father? I could easily support his harsh denial,

denial, because I imagined myself secure of your heart, which I believed faithful.—What can I do? said I, interrupting him; my father says I never shall be yours!—And I say you shall be mine, cried the Chevalier, in spite of all the fathers in the world: and I followed you into the garden, to tell you so.—Oh, Enenique! that is impossible! I know my father is inexorable; and will never be prevailed with to give his consent.—How you talk, replied Ponces: why, I never mean to ask the Baron's consent again: but, if you love me as you ought, that need not startle you.—You know I do, replied I; but don't take advantage of that by endeavouring to persuade me to do any thing contrary to the obedience I owe my father.—Go, then, said he; act contrary to honour, to gratitude, and to love: break all the promises you have made

made me; give yourself to the man your father intends you for; and leave me to misery.—My father's intentions, said I, I was ignorant of till this day; when he equally surprised and shocked me with the news.—Why, answered the Chevalier, don't you know the happy man whom the Baron prefers?—I assured him that many minutes had not passed since my father, for the first time, had mentioned this circumstance to me; but, without naming the person he had in his thoughts. And I conjured Ponces at the same time, to believe me incapable of changing.—You can conceive me of that no way so effectually, said he, as by consenting immediately to give me your hand. I have an estate in Spain, where I will carry you; and then we shall be out of all reach.—I was so far from relishing this proposal, that, on the contrary, it
 very

very much shocked me; and it was not till after reiterated intreaties, that I could be prevailed on to listen to the scheme which the Chevalier laid down. However, I insisted on his waiting a while, in hopes of some favourable change in my father's intentions towards me; though, as I knew him steady in his resolutions, I had but little reason to expect this.

“ Ponces, unwillingly, acquiesced. I know, said he, we can have nothing to hope for from the Baron: the peremptory denial I received from him convinces me he is determined to bestow you on another. Perhaps, if we let slip the present opportunity, you may be torn from me for ever.—I trembled at Don Enenique's prefiging this cruel event; but still conjured him to give me a few days, at least, to consider of what he proposed.

“ We

“ We parted: and as his visits were now prohibited by my father, I promised to meet him every evening in the summer-house, in which we then were. For this purpose I gave him a key (which happened to be in my possession) of a private door, that opened from the garden into a bye street; by which he was to let himself in at a certain hour.

“ I was extremely at a loss to guess whom my father intended for my husband. I knew he had an opinion of Faustina; and often confided in her judgment:—I did not doubt, therefore, but she could give me some light into this business. I told her what had passed between my father and me; and I begged of her to inform me all she knew of his designs in regard to his disposal of me.—She answered, very naturally, that the Baron had not let her
into

into the whole secret ; but had informed her that he had thoughts of bestowing me on the Count de la Rosa.—Good God ! said I, interrupting her ; to Count de la Rosa !—a man who might be my father ; and is known to be one of the most avaricious wretches in Italy !—You know, answered Faustina, laughing, the Baron in that has some little resemblance to him ; and therefore does not like him the worse for it.—However, I hope he will not press you to so disagreeable a match : you know he loves you too well to force your inclination.

“ I should have mentioned in the course of my story (pursued Adelaide) that this Count de la Rosa had, before I left Salerno, often seen me at the house of Signior Carassa, Faustina’s father. He was pleased with me ; and told

told Signior Caraffa that, if he could gain my approbation, he would demand me of my father : and, as a substantial proof of his love, he would settle any dower on me that my father should require. Though my kinsman thought this would be a very advantageous match for me, he would not, however, encourage the Count, nor mention the proposal to my father before he had consulted me. I at first only laughed at the mention of De la Rosa's passion; till Signior Caraffa assuring me of his being serious, and at the same time desiring my sentiments. I begged of him to give the Count as polite a refusal as he could; and I entreated my cousin to conceal the affair entirely from my father; whose regard to wealth I was afraid would incline him to listen too favourably to the Count's offer.

“ Signior

“ Signior Caraffa, who had both prudence and good-nature, promised to manage matters so, that I should hear no more of it: and in effect he kept his word. I avoided afterwards going to my kinsman’s house, for fear of meeting De la Rosa: and I flattered myself that my old lover had forgot me; especially as I left Salerno without hearing any more of him.

“ You may suppose therefore I was not a little surpris’d at Faustina’s naming this gentleman as the person my father intended for my husband. I asked her, could she tell me by what means my father came to know of the Count’s inclinations for me? She answered, she could not tell with certainty; but she suspected that De la Rosa, not being able to get the better of his love; and having no reliance on any thing but my father’s

father's authority over me, had applied directly to the Baron. And she was even of opinion that the Count was then in Naples.—I was terribly alarmed at this suggestion; and feared Don Ene-
-nique had but too just grounds for what he had said to me in the summer-house.

“Faustina had been informed by my father of the conference that passed between him and Ponces. She con-
-doled with me on the disappointment of my hopes; and, assuring me she had banished Don Ene-
-nique from her heart, she added, that she would now with more joy see us united, than formerly it would have given her pain. Deceived with these assurances, and forgetting she had so lately been my rival, I be-
-lieved her sincere.

“She

“ She asked me what measures I purposed taking, in case my father urged my marriage with the Count? Though I had no distrust of Faustina’s honour, I did not however chuse to let her into the proposal made me by the Chevalier:—I did not know but there might still be some unextinguished sparks that lay smothered in her heart; and that, notwithstanding, all her efforts might blaze out again on the thoughts of the Chevalier’s being lost to her for ever; and perhaps occasion some imprudence in her conduct, that would defeat all my designs:—I therefore only told her that, as I hoped my father would not force me to marry against my inclination, so I had as yet come to no resolution at all. But my fate was nearer a crisis than I imagined.

“ I perceived a coldness in my father’s behaviour, that he had never shewn

shewn towards me before. He spoke little to me all that day: and the next morning, as Faustina and I sat at breakfast with him, he told us he intended in a few days to depart for Salerno. —If I was quite thunderstruck at this information, Faustina seemed no less concerned! My father observed it in us both. —I see, said he, the news is not pleasing to either of you. It is for your sake, Adelaide, that I remove from a place where I think you have attachments unworthy of you. I have already told you that I have other views for you than those ignoble ones you have for yourself; and which I hope your prudence will teach you to resign without reluctance. And as for you, Faustina, added he, looking at my cousin; I know not what reason you can have to regret leaving Naples, and returning to your friends and parents. —I had made my father no answer;

answer; and Faustina said, respectfully, she would gladly attend him back to Salerno.

“ I was terrified at this unexpected resolution of my father’s :—I dreaded being sacrificed to the Count on my return to Salerno; for I concluded by this motion of the Baron’s, that De la Rosa was not at Naples, as Faustina had insinuated. This occasioned me to make some new reflections on the unaccountable manner of my father’s being made acquainted with the Count’s love for me; which I knew was a secret to every body but Signior Caraffa and Faustina. However, these thoughts were but transient; and, without giving myself the trouble to dive farther into this mystery, I turned my mind entirely towards the means of avoiding this hated match.

“ I knew the Chevalier’s arms were open to receive me;—the time I had to resolve in was short;—my heart and my vows were already Don Enenique’s. Do not blame me then, Eugenia, when I tell you that I at once determined to yield him my hand on the terms proposed. — However, I concealed my thoughts from Faustina:—my father’s knowledge of De la Rosa’s passion for me had raised some doubts in my mind; and, though she expressed the utmost concern on our going to Salerno, which she said was entirely on my account, I nevertheless did not chuse to confide in her too far. She asked me, would not I see the Chevalier before we set out? and (as she knew our place of rendezvous, and that we often met) I made no scruple of saying I meant to see him that evening. I found she endeavoured to penetrate into my designs; but I evaded

evaded her questions, or gave her general answers.

“ I went at the appointed hour to the summer-house, where I found the Chevalier waiting for me. It was in the dusk of the evening, when my father always spent an hour alone in his oratory ; so that I was sure of having that portion of time to myself.—Ponces did not allow me to keep him long in suspense; he immediately renewed the conversation we had had the day before. My fears now, joined to my love, served to strengthen his arguments; and I no longer refused to yield.—We agreed that Don Enenique should the next night, between ten and eleven o’clock, bring his confessor with him, who should join our hands in the little summer-house we were then sitting in, in the presence of my woman, whom I

was to take with me; after which, under covert of the night, we were to be conveyed in the Chevalier's carriage (which was to wait at a private door) to the sea-side, where a bark was to be in readiness, to carry us directly to Spain; for it would be by no means expedient for the Chevalier, after such an adventure, to continue in Naples.

“ Having thus settled our measures, we parted. Don Enenique went to prepare for our expedition; and I returned to the house, to take such other steps as might be necessary to our design.

“ I would not allow myself to reflect, for fear of receding from my promise: but, putting up my jewels and other things of value, without once daring to consider what I was doing, I called my woman, who had been all along privy
to

to my correspondence with the Chevalier; and having, in a few words, imparted the secret to her, she seemed so rejoiced at the project, that I began to lose part of the fears that were already oppressing me:

“ I can't say I was sorry for the resolution I had taken, though my mind was far from being easy. However, I got through the remaining part of the evening in making some secret preparations for my intended flight. My woman was very officious, and took upon her the conduct of a great many things; so that, relying entirely on her care and fidelity, I went to bed, in a state of mind which, though not altogether tranquil, was yet free from pain. As I never closed my eyes, the night seemed very tedious; and notwithstanding I did not wish for morning,

it however at last appeared, and I arose off my restless bed.

“ I passed most of the day with Faustina, to avoid giving her any suspicion; and when night came, concluded the Chevalier would rather be before than after the appointed time; I sent my woman into the garden, to prevent his impatience till I could disengage myself from my father, who always expected my company at supper; after which I was my own mistress, as Faustina and me, at that hour, usually retired each to our separate apartments.

“ My woman had been gone but a few minutes, when she returned again quite out of breath. I felt a sudden shivering at the sight of her.—What, Theresa! said I, is the Chevalier come? —No, Madam, she replied; I have been
just

just now speaking to his valet at the garden-door; whom he sent to acquaint you that the Viceroy has this minute received some unexpected and very important dispatches from Madrid, which must unavoidably detain Don Enenique for half an hour longer than the appointed time : but that at eleven he will not fail. He conjures you to forgive him, and believe that nothing but his being locked up with the Viceroy himself should have delayed him. His valet assures me that his master was obliged to deliver his message hastily to him at the Duke's closet-door.—Theresa spoke this very naturally :—there was nothing unlikely in what she said; and, as I knew Don Enenique's valet was a faithful person, whom his master had often trusted with messages to me, I did not once doubt the truth of this account, but bid my woman wait for the Cheva-

lier till he should come, and then let me know it.

“ After I had wished my father a good-night I retired to my own apartment. Faustina had complained of a slight indisposition in the evening, and had withdrawn to her chamber much sooner than usual. My father had happened to detain me longer than was his custom; so that it was now near eleven o'clock; and I expected every moment when Theresa would come to acquaint me with the Chevalier's arrival: but after waiting a considerable time without hearing any thing of her, I concluded she had fallen asleep somewhere, and that Ponces might be waiting for me in vain. In this opinion I stole down softly into the garden, and called Theresa;—but no Theresa answered! I searched the little summer-house, and every

every place wherein she might possibly have concealed herself; but all to no purpose! when, to complete my amazement, I found the garden-door (of which Don Enenique had the key) wide open! The night happened to be exceeding dark, so that I moved along the walks in no small terror of mind;—when, coming under Faustina's apartment, the windows of which looked in to the garden, I saw a light in her bed-chamber.—I told you she had complained of not being well when she retired:—I was apprehensive she was now grown worse, and that her woman had been called up. In this belief I ran up stairs; and, entering her chamber, I found every thing in the greatest disorder! The clothes which she had worn that day were thrown on the floor; several of her drawers were lying open, and quite empty; and a letter directed

to me lay on her toilet! These were the contents:—‘ I am sorry, cousin, that, to make myself happy, I must be the occasion of making you wretched; but such is the fatality that hangs over us. Remember, you robbed me of the heart of Castellane. Is it not just then, that I should possess that of Don Enrique? But yet I will do the Chevalier justice:—he is ignorant of the deceit my love has made me practise. I overheard your discourse in the garden-house; and though my first intent in listening to it was only to frustrate your designs by making them known to your father, on hearing the contrivance of your marriage, I resolved boldly to turn it to a more glorious advantage.—I bribed your woman; and my stars have for once been propitious; for by the time this letter comes into your hands I shall be married to Ponces, in your
stead,

stead, and far away from Naples. But yet, believe me, I do not triumph in your misfortune; but could wish you a less severe lot. However, I know you are mistress of resignation enough to submit to a fate that is not to be troubled.—Adieu for ever.’

“What effect the reading of this letter had on me is scarce possible to describe! I continued the remaining part of this fatal night in Faustina’s chamber. Amazed and stupified at this cruel stroke of fate, I remained rather dead than alive: and day peeped in at the windows when, endeavouring to rouse myself a little from the lethargic state I was in, I arose from the floor on which I had fallen (perhaps in a fainting fit) and continued there. After I recovered (if I could be said to recover the whole night) I would have persuaded

myself what had passed was a frightful dream; when, finding Faustina's shocking epistle still lying by me, I read it over again; and was but too severely convinced of the reality.

“ I told you I had entirely concealed my intended marriage with the Chevalier from Faustina: compassion for her weakness had for a long time made me conceal even my love. But what did my pity or my caution avail! I found myself betrayed in the cruellest manner. Had I suffered alone, my sorrow would have been less poignant; but, when I considered that Ponces had fallen a victim to the same treachery that ruined me, my pangs were insupportable.

“ I found that Faustina had taken the perfidious Theresa along with her. Her own woman, who had never been led into

into any part of this wicked secret, informed me, that her mistress used to have frequent private conversations with that ungrateful creature; and that Faustina had that very evening forbid her to come near her, saying that Theresa should for the future attend her. I gave but little heed to what this woman told me; and only endeavoured to arm myself against the storm which I saw was coming towards me; for I resolved at once to confess the whole truth to my father, and endure the utmost of his resentment rather than suffer Don Enrique to be branded with falsehood and ingratitude.

“ My cousin’s flight could not be long a secret. My father was prodigiously alarmed at her woman’s not being able to give any account of her; but, if I did not dissipate his fears, I at least
put

put an end to his uncertainty, by throwing myself at his feet, and, with many tears, relating to him the strange circumstances of the preceding night. My father heard me with more temper than I could have expected. He seemed even melted while I spoke; and, raising me,—You were to blame, Adelaide, said he; and I should be angry at your indiscretion, but that I think it mortification enough to you to lose the person you love:—a suitable punishment, I may say, for your undutifulness. I suppose you can now have no reluctance to return to Salerno. Prepare therefore for your journey immediately. But, added he, I am grieved that, in return for Signior Caraffa's friendship, I have so mortifying an account to render him of his daughter.—I withdrew, without making any reply: my heart overflowed with gratitude for the tenderness of my father's

father's behaviour to me. I quitted Naples in two days after this sad adventure; and should have departed with some satisfaction, but for the fear of my being pressed to marry at Salerno.

“ My father and I set out in our coach; and on the journey I assumed a cheerfulness that was very pleasing to him; he even complimented me upon it.—I am charmed with your spirit, Adelaide, said he; I own I was apprehensive that your heart was too much prepossessed in favour of that tall Spaniard, to permit you so soon to recover your former gaiety; but since I find your prudence and good-sense will shortly teach you to overcome a childish and ill-placed passion, I have hopes that the same motives will incline you to believe, that it was your happiness and interest alone that made me reject
the

the Chevalier's suit; and I flatter myself that the husband I have chosen for you, will soon make you forget the husband of your abandoned cousin,— Oh, my Lord, said I, I need not be put in mind, by that epithet, that Don Enenique is for ever lost to me. I will banish him from my memory; and I am not without hopes that I have resolution enough to effect this, without the aid of any new object; therefore, though I can never enough thank you for your indulgence, I conjure you to let me continue as I am. I go with you most willingly to Salerno; but, if you really wish your daughter's happiness, dispense with my accepting this new lover, till a little time and my own reason will better dispose my heart to receive him; mean while I pray you, my Lord, to name the person whom your paternal goodness has thought of for me.—'Tis the

the Count de la Rosa, answered my father. I find he has loved you long, though it has been kept a secret from me, till your kinsman, Signior Carassa, informed me of it by letter; which I will now show you, as Signior Carassa's doubts have partly explained themselves.—Saying this, my father put the letter into my hands. This was the subject of it:—

‘ I could not justify it to the friendship I owe you, if I did not inform you of an affair on which I think your daughter's happiness depends. The Count de la Rosa loves her; and would long ago have asked her of you in marriage, if he had not been prevented by me, who was moved to this by Adelaide's reluctance to the match (for she was not acquainted with his passion); but, as I think it too considerable to be

be rejected, and the Count still retains the same sentiments for my cousin, he has requested me to apply to your Lordship for him. If your answer is favourable, he means to set out directly for Naples. I hope my young kinswoman will have prudence enough to consider her own interest on this occasion: and that she will take care not to compliment her fancy at the expence of her judgment. You need not let Adelaide know of your having received this notice from me. At a proper time I shall explain myself.—

“ When I had returned this letter to my father, he told me that he had communicated the contents of it to Faustina as soon as he had received it; that she had enlarged upon the Count’s passion for me; but had entreated my father not to let me know that either she

or

or Signior Caraffa had given him any information on this head; for, said she, my cousin does not like the Count; and she may take our interposing unkindly; and, as that Lord will certainly come to Naples as soon as he hears that you are inclined to favour his suit, the application will then appear to come immediately from himself.

“ I beseeched my father to let me know what answer he had returned to Signior Caraffa? He told me, such a one as he thought the worth of the offer deserved; and that he had in consequence of that, received a letter from the Count de la Rosa himself, full of acknowledgments, and an assurance of waiting on him at Naples in a few days.—I have, added my father, expected the Count for some time past; when I received the disagreeable news of his
being

being ill (from Signior Caraffa) which obliged him to defer his intended journey; but I hope by the time we reach Salerno, to find him perfectly recovered.

“ Though (continued Adelaide) I easily saw that Faustina was at the bottom of this black intrigue, I was yet at a loss to conceive by what means she had engaged her father to interest himself so warmly in an affair which his kindness toward me had formerly made him decline meddling in: this, together with some ambiguous words he had made use of in his letter, convinced me that Faustina had used treachery to engage my kinsman to observe the conduct he had done. I made no reflections however on the matter to my father, knowing that on my arrival at Salerno all would be unravelled.

“ Signior

“ Signior Caraffa was the first to compliment us on our return. My father had not chosen to inform him by letter of his daughter’s flight, concluding that an event so shockingly circumstanced would require all the alleviating powers of friendship to interpose, in order to enable the unhappy father to sustain the news. In this my father judged wisely ; for, though he endeavoured to relate the story with all the circumstances he could think of to extenuate the wretched Faustina’s crime, her incensed father had hardly patience to hear him out; he uttered the bitterest imprecations against his daughter; and, turning towards me,—I am not surprised, Madam, said he, that the ungrateful, treacherous creature should take the pains she did to promote your marriage with the Count de la Rosa ; and to engage me, contrary to my promise,

wife, to espouse his interest: but I little imagined, that whilst she appeared so solicitous for your honour, she was contriving the means of sacrificing her own. Oh cousin! said he to my father, this vile creature told me that your Adelaide was on the brink of ruin; and that, if I did not interpose, nothing could save her. She wrote me word (forgive me while I relate it) that your daughter had fallen in love with a young man of very mean degree; and that she was apprehensive either of a stolen marriage, or of something still more fatal. She told me, she was afraid to discover the secret to you, dreading the effects of your resentment towards her cousin; and therefore, as the best means to save her from destruction, she conjured me to sound Count de la Rosa's inclinations; and, if I found them still bent towards Adelaide, to give him all the encouragement

ment in my power, and write directly to you; who, she assured me, would listen favourably to such a proposal. I did as she requested. The Count eagerly embraced the motion; and would, long before this, have been at Naples, if a dangerous fit of illness had not attacked him, just as he was preparing to set out. My father here took occasion to inquire very particularly after the Count's state of health, Signior Carassa's distraction about his daughter having prevented him doing it sooner; but he had the mortification to hear from that gentleman, that his illness was so much increased, that the physicians had no hopes of his life. Though my father was much disturbed at this news, you may suppose it gave me little pain; and the poor Count's death, which happened two days after, as it delivered me from my fears of becoming his wife, was the
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the only consolatory circumstance that could, in my situation, have befallen me."

"I wish," cried Eugenia, "I could heal your grief as effectually as I share in it: but alas! my dear, I am as unfortunate as yourself. Have I not lost the man I loved as well as you?—and lost him in a way so unaccountable, as fills me with apprehensions for his life; or, if even that is preserved, I may never see him more.—Is your situation more unhappy?"—"Oh! a thousand times more," replied Adelaide; "you may still call Pimenteles yours; and one fortunate day may yet make you amends for all that is past: but, as for me, I can't even think of Don Enrique without a crime: his vows are dedicated to another: he must live for Faustina; and I don't flatter myself even
with

with the smallest hopes; for have I not reason to believe that he is not so dissatisfied with my cruel cousin, since, in so long a time as he has been absent, he has not once found means to let me hear from him? No, no; the cunning Faustina has found the way to his gentle heart; and has perhaps made a merit of her perfidy, by imputing it to an excess of love. Oh Heavens! (continued Adelaide, lifting up her eyes) thou sufferest the treacherous and the deceitful to prosper, while the secure, the credulous, and the innocent are often undone!

“ But no more of this,” added she; “ your presence, my Eugenia, brings me comfort; and, whilst you are with me, I will, if it be possible, forget every thing that gives me pain. Let us be happy then, whilst you remain

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here;

here; and, when you return to Milan, I am resolved to ask leave of my father to go with you. This I am sure he will not refuse me, as it will be a means of dispelling that melancholy, which, in spite of my endeavours to hide it from him, he sees preys incessantly on my heart." — In effect, these two lovely friends assuaged each other's grief by the most tender and soothing expressions. Adelaide endeavoured to persuade Eugenia, that her dear Don Clement would one day be restored to her; whilst she, on the other hand, who had less consolatory hopes to offer her friend, strove only to prevail on the Baron St. Seberina's daughter to believe that the Chevalier de Ponces would perpetually regret his separation from her; and, so far from loving the author of it, would certainly detest and fly her.

The

The time that Eugenia had allotted to her stay at Salerno, wanted a good deal of being expired, when one day, sitting with Adelaide, a letter was brought to her, which by the character she knew came from the Marquis, her uncle. As it was but a few days since she had heard from him before, this packet was quite unexpected.—‘I have no reason,’ said she to Adelaide, ‘to expect any agreeable change in my fortune; and yet something whispers me that this letter brings most welcome news.’ Indeed she had scarce glanced her eyes on the paper, when such an unusual joy diffused itself over her whole countenance that Adelaide easily guessed it contained something in which her friend’s heart was nearly interested.—“Come,” said she, “shew it me; I see Pimenteles writ in every line of your face.”—‘Here, read, my friend,’ an-

swered Eugenia, ‘ and participate with me in the extreme joy I am filled with.’

These were the terms of the letter:—

“ Your presence here, my dear niece, is become necessary. Don Clement, whose loss you so much deplore, is now at Milan : he arrived but this day. I am in haste to communicate the news; which I am sure will be very agreeable to you. I had a glimpse of him as he entered a house adjoining mine ; where I am informed he is lodged. My joy at seeing him again had almost made me fly to embrace him : however, I checked that emotion on reflecting what I owe myself and you. I pray Heaven Don Clement may be able to clear up his conduct in such a manner as may make it consistent with your honour and mine, to accomplish the union I have so much at heart ! Nevertheless, I shall not solicit any explanation till you return ; as
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in so delicate a point I do not care to proceed without your concurrence.—Your mother is almost out of her wits for joy. I dread the violence of her passions and the weakness of her conduct: hasten therefore on all accounts your departure from Salerno. In the mean time, be assured I shall be as tender of your love as of your fame.”

When Adelaide had read this letter she returned it to her friend.—“ I rejoice with you, happy, happy Eugenia,” said she: “ this delightful event fills me with pleasure in the midst of chagrin. Let us go, my dear; let us fly; you to your faithful Don Clement; and I——from Salerno, from the remembrance of my sufferings, and, if possible, from myself.” Eugenia was too impatient to delay her return to Milan; and the Baron St. Seberina having before

consented that his daughter should take that journey with her friend, these two ladies set out the following day, having each of them a gouvernante and a suitable number of other attendants.

They arrived safely at Milan; where the Marquis of Pescara welcomed his niece with all the marks of a tender affection; and Adelaide with the tokens of esteem and respect that was due to so charming a guest.

Though Eugenia was very impatient to learn something concerning Don Clement, she yet thought it proper to be silent till the Marquis should mention him first: wherefore, leaving that nobleman to entertain her beautiful friend, she withdrew to pay her duty to her mother, who, as the Marquis told her, had

had retired, a little indisposed, to her chamber.

Though Eugenia judged (and not without good reason) that her presence would not be very acceptable to Madame Burganeze, she yet thought it an indispensable duty to wait on her immediately, after an absence of some months. She ran to her chamber without the ceremony of having first apprised her of her arrival. She found Madame Burganeze lying on a couch; but so far from having the appearance of a person disordered by pain or sickness, she seemed rather to have renewed her former youth and sprightliness: a loose gown of silver brocade was wrapped carelessly about her; and her hair was adorned with a variety of flowers, in the disposal of which a luxurious and romantic fancy had exerted its utmost skill.

K 4.

Her

Her hair, which when Eugenia left Milan was inclining to grey, was now of the most agreeable brown; and hung in easy ringlets on her neck. To complete the picture, her cheeks bloomed with a freshness as new as it was becoming. Eugenia was not a little surprised at this unexpected metamorphosis. It was night; but by the light of a single wax-taper (Madame Burganeze not caring for too much glare) she had an opportunity of surveying this enamoured dame, as she lay in a reverie, something between slumber and the most agreeable contemplation.

Eugenia, concluding from the gallantry of her mother's dress that she expected a more welcome visitant (which was really the case) was going to withdraw, without disturbing her, when the languishing Madame Burganeze

neze suddenly started up ; and the dimness of the light which was in the chamber, together with the like imperfection in her eyes, made her mistake her daughter for another person for whom she waited.

“ Good,” said she, in a pretty loud voice, “ how impatient you are ! Why, it must want at least an hour of the appointed time.” Eugenia was startled at these words : she concluded that Don Clement was the impatient lover whom her mother meant ; and was very much afraid, that, when she should discover her mistake, her rage would be without bounds. She therefore thought it more prudent to dissemble ; and seeming not to have marked what her mother said, she approached her couch and, falling on her knees, desired her blessing ; but Madame Burganeze, whether thrown

into a more than ordinary confusion, or not being thoroughly awake, or blind, or altogether, was so prepossessed with the notion that it was her expected lover who knelt before her, that, holding out one of her hands, she cried, in the softest tone of voice, "Here, sweet Pimenteles, take my hand; but I conjure you ask no more." Had Eugenia been less interested in this unlucky scene, she could have laughed at it; but as her mother and her lover were so deeply concerned in it, it had a very different effect on her: she blushed for the weakness of the former, and was seized with mortifying fears on account of the latter. The love-sick dame still held out her stretched hand; but Eugenia, willing to undeceive her (having first kissed it)—'Tis I, Madam; 'tis your daughter; 'tis Eugenia. I should be under the greatest uneasiness,

ness,' added she, 'for having broke your rest, but that I fear your sleep was much disturbed; for you just now uttered some broken words, which seemed the effect of a troublesome dream, from which I can't repent having awaked you.' Madame Burganeze, who was by this time perfectly roused from her rapture, was thunderstruck at those words. It was well her daughter had the presence of mind to impute her extravagance to a dream; for Eugenia already saw her mother was beginning to swell with indignation.—“Your company,” said Madame Burganeze, looking disdainfully at her, “is as unwelcome as it was unexpected. If Don Clement were not at Milan, you would not have been in such haste to return to it; but let me tell you, child, you have no more share in his affections than my chambermaid has, whatever your

vanity may suggest to you. His heart, I may venture to say, is devoted to me; and neither your unseasonable presence nor your uncle's policy shall deprive me of it. We don't want you," added she, with a malicious smile, "for an inter-nuncio. Don Clement has no farther occasion for proxies."—"You do me wrong, Madam," answered Eugenia, 'to suppose that Don Clement is the motive of my return from Salerno; it was in obedience to the Marquis, who recalled me. Besides, you may remember I was not a stranger to Pimenteles' passion for you before my departure from Milan; therefore can't possibly entertain those presumptuous hopes you upbraid me with; and I assure you my sentiments for Don Clement are the very same with those I believe he has for me.'—"So much the better," answered Madame Burganeze, in a tone less severe

severe than she had spoke in before;—

“ I should pity you, to love without the hopes of being beloved again ; for that would infallibly be the case. You did ill,” said she, after a little pause, “ to come so abruptly upon me ; I was not prepared to receive you ; and till to-morrow shall dispense with your attendance ; for at present I am much more disposed to rest than conversation.” With these words she threw herself again on the couch, and waved her hand to Eugenia to retire.

It happened that Madame Burganeze, in flinging herself carelessly on the couch, had dropped a letter out of her bosom, which Eugenia took up ; and, though she was immediately going to restore it, a strong impulse of curiosity prevailed with her to keep it, as she imagined the contents might possibly discover

discover something in which perhaps she had no inconsiderable share. This reason she thought might, in some measure, justify an action, which in its own nature she would have condemned. Having quitted Madame Burganeze's apartment, she hastened to her own to examine the letter. She found it subscribed by Don Clement; and it contained these few words:—"You are the first lady that ever reproached me with indifference; and, if I have been so long in Milan without discovering the least gallantry, it is far from being owing to a want of sensibility in me; on the contrary, you will find no one more tender, or more grateful when I have the happy opportunity of kissing your hand, which I shall not fail to do at the appointed hour." Though Eugenia thought the character in which this note was written, was not that of

Don

Don Clement, yet his name subscribed to it, together with her mother's expressions, and some other concurring circumstances, left her no room to doubt but that it came from him; and, as it seemed altogether an enigma, so she supposed some new mystery had occasioned its not being written in his own hand.

She was impatient to speak to the Marquis on this subject; but, recollecting that he was then engaged in conversation with Adelaide, she returned to the apartment where they were, leaving Madame Burganeze impatiently expecting Don Clement.

And here it will be necessary to relate that part of the old lady's conduct which was the occasion of Eugenia's finding her in so extraordinary a situation.

Madame

Madame Burganeze had no sooner heard that Don Clement was returned to Milan than she looked upon herself as possessed of all her wishes. She flattered herself that his being lodged so near the Marquis, was to have the more frequent opportunities of conversing with her: and expected every minute when she should receive a visit from him, his avowed passion for her, and his friendship for the Marquis, her brother, being sufficient motives for him to wave all punctilious forms; and, without ceremony, throw himself into the arms of two persons by whom he knew he was so much beloved:—but, when several days past without her either seeing or hearing from him, she began to be terribly alarmed! — The Marquis, extremely surprised at this sight, spoke of it in terms which gave her room to think he highly resented it. Fearing therefore
that

that a total breach would ensue between her brother and her lover, she resolved at all events to use her endeavours to renew their former intimacy, though she too plainly saw that Don Clement seemed rather inclined to avoid it.

As the Marquis had never let his sister into the secret of Eugenia's adventure with Pimenteles, she could not penetrate into the reason of his resentment against that gentleman; and, believing it proceeded only from the jealousy of his friendship, which could not brook so cold a behaviour in one who had been so dear to him, she hoped (if by any means she could bring them to a meeting) the Marquis would soon forget his anger; and she should by degrees reconcile him to the union she meditated between the youthful Don Clement and herself:—for she still was
weak

weak enough to flatter herself that, notwithstanding his distant behaviour, his love for her had brought him back to Milan. Her hopes thus revived, she sent in the Marquis's name to Don Clement, desiring to see him; concluding that he would not refuse the invitation; and that her brother, without knowing that such a compliment had passed, would receive his friend with his usual warmth:—but how was she mortified at the ill-success of her plot! Don Clement received the message with the utmost politeness; but at the same time excused himself from waiting on the Marquis, on account of some perplexing affairs, which he said for the present engrossed all his hours.

Madame Burganeze was half-distracted with rage and jealousy at this reply: for she now feared that it was on account

count of Eugenia's absence that Don Clement's indifference proceeded.

The Marquis (without knowing the lengths his sister had gone to allure Don Clement back again) was of the same opinion; nor did he wish for an *éclaircissement* till his niece should arrive, whose return he now daily expected. — Finding therefore that Pimenteles persisted in his estranged behaviour, he became in his turn as cold and averse to him as he had once been fondly and warmly attached to him; so that Madame Burganeze, despairing of a reconciliation between them, and trembling at the thoughts of losing Don Clement again, and perhaps for ever, resolved to put herself at least out of suspense; on which account, shifting her resentment and composing her ruffled thoughts, she wrote him the following lines, and
sent

sent them by her woman :—‘ You have been eighteen long days in Milan, without seeing me ! Unkind, cold Pimenteles ! where is all your love ? Must I forget that I am a woman, and woo you to your happiness ?—Ah ! let me chide you for this strange indifference ; and if you hope for my pardon, fail not to ask it to-night. The bearer will wait to conduct you to my apartment at ten o’clock ; where, if the charming Don Clement repents, the tender Burganeze can forgive.’

To this kind letter Don Clement returned the answer which Eugenia found in her mother’s chamber ; and with which Madame Burganeze was so well pleased that, without considering how unbecoming and rash her proceedings were, she thought of nothing but how to appear amiable in her lover’s eyes.

Accord-

Accordingly she adorned, or rather transformed, herself in the manner already described; and having dismissed her daughter from her presence, who happened to arrive at so unlucky a minute, she disposed herself to receive Don Clement. He was punctual to a minute; for the clock no sooner struck ten than she heard him coming up stairs with La Pointz, who had introduced him the back way.—As he entered the room she would have rose to salute him; but he appeared so very handsome, that the extreme pleasure she took in gazing at him made her forget all ceremonies; and she continued leaning on her couch with her eyes languishingly fixed on him. Don Clement, who, from the posture she was in, could have but an imperfect view of her face, drew nearer to her; and, putting one knee to the ground,—“So unlooked-for a happiness

as

as this," said he, "would more than recompense the sufferings of an age:—and I flatter myself that fortune has yet some favours in store for me; since when I least expected it, she has bestowed so great a blessing."—"How transported I am," said Madame Burganeze, raising herself up, 'to find you so constant:—but wherefore do you say this blessing was unexpected?—What had you not to hope from a love so ardent and faithful as mine?'

Don Clement, instead of answering this soft language as she expected, started up from his knee; and, falling back two or three paces, seemed to survey her with an air of surprise!—"What ails the trifler?" cried Madame Burganeze;—"what new whim have you taken into your head?—Was it for this I sent for you?" "Was it you then, Madam,"

dam," answered Don Clement, "who did me the honour to write to me?"—
 "This is very silly," answered Madame Burganeze; "and if you continue these airs, I shall be downright angry with you."—"I know not," cried Don Clement, "whether to be serious or merry on the occasion; but as I think I am more inclined to the former, we will, if you please, let the joke end here:—therefore, Madam, you must allow me to take my leave." Saying this, he turned towards the door, when Madame Burganeze caught him by the hand. "Come, come," said she, "no more of this foolery. I am displeased with you already; and let me tell you, you have gone too far."—Don Clement drew his hand gently from hers; and, bowing low at the same time, "I have been in an error, Madam," said he; "and so I believe have you; therefore
 I beg

I beg once more you will not detain me." With this he took two or three steps towards the door: but Madame Burganeze, now quite enraged, could contain herself no longer.—'What possesses you?' said she; 'Does this behaviour agree with your former protestations of love? nay, with what you but just this moment said?—Am I less amiable now than I was three minutes ago?—or can your heart rebel so soon?—Speak, coxcomb; and don't provoke my anger too far.'—"As for what I just now said," answered Pimenteles, a little nettled, "it was not meant for you, Madam: and as to your talking of former protestations, not knowing that I ever had the honour of seeing you before, it makes me rather suspect that it is you who are possessed;—therefore, lady, to avoid disturbing the family, I beg once more that you will permit me

to

to retire."—Don Clement here again attempted to be gone; but, unluckily for him, La Pointz had locked the chamber-door on the outside; so that he found himself under a necessity of sustaining all Madame Burganeze's fury. 'Ungrateful wretch,' said she, 'have you forgot our mutual love?—Must all the tears which your absence cost me meet with this return?—And have you the insolence, the barbarity, to own your falsehood, and aggravate it in the most presumptuous manner?—Not only deny your having loved me, and confess those raptures were meant for another, but even disown that you ever saw me.—Monster,' added she; 'your unparalleled villany shall not go unpunished: and if Eugenia be the object of your love, she shall be the first victim to my revenge.'

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The violent passion which this frantic woman had thrown herself into agitated her whole frame so much, that, happening to lean against a cabinet, on which stood a pyramid of rich china, she unluckily threw down the whole pile; which, rattling on the floor with such noise, greatly alarmed the Marquis with Eugenia and Adelaide, who were not yet risen from supper. As Madame Burganeze's apartment was not far distant from that in which they were sitting, her brother and the ladies made haste to her assistance; as did La Pointz and some more of the female servants who had been frightened at the noise. They all ran in together without ceremony; so that the chamber was filled in an instant.

Though Don Clement was under some confusion, he nevertheless accost-
ed

ed the Marquis with great politeness; and, without giving him time to enquire into the fracas,—“ My Lord,” said he, “ I don’t at all wonder at the surprise you seem to be in-at seeing me here. I confess, nothing can appear in a worse light; but I hope this lady will do me the justice to remove any ill impressions which this accident may have made on you. For my own part, I am so much ashamed of having occasioned all this disorder, that I must for the present beg leave to withdraw; but will at any other time you please, satisfy your Lordship that, if I have committed an offence, it was unknowingly; and that, bold and suspicious as this visit may appear, I had no design to insult any of your house.”

Don Clement had time to make an end of this speech without any inter-

ruption. Madame Burganeze was so overwhelmed with confusion, that she could not open her lips nor lift her eyes from off the ruins of the china; where they were fixed immoveably. The women who had ran in, in their first surprise, concluding that a scene of this nature was not so proper for them to be witnesses to, had all stole out of the chamber; so that none but the three ladies and the Marquis remained.—
 ‘ Stay, Don Clement,’ said the latter; ‘ there are no persons now present but those who are particularly interested in what relates to you; and there can be no time more proper than this for you to make that explanation we would wish to have:—therefore, with my sister’s permission, I must beg leave to enquire into the motives of this secret and unreasonable interview between you?’

Don

Don Clement, who was unwilling to mortify Madame Burganeze by mentioning her letter, was somewhat at a loss how to make a reply; when, casting his eyes on that lady, as if to demand her leave to answer the Marquis's question, she (who read his looks) cried out,—
 ‘Speak, cruel Pimenteles!’ my brother is not unacquainted with my weakness for you; nor can any thing you have farther to say make me more miserable.’
 With this she flung out of the room, and, locking herself in her closet, left Don Clement at liberty to declare himself how he pleased.

“I believe then, my Lord,” said that gentleman, addressing himself to the Marquis (and at the same time giving him the letter he had that day received from Madame Burganeze)
 “you would think me a very insensible

man if I refused a summons like this : but I own I thought it had come from a fairer hand, or you would not have found me so rude a disturber of your family."—" 'Tis my sister's writing," answered the Marquis; "and I can't imagine how you should suspect it came from any other person!"—"Nothing more natural," interrupted Don Clement; "and if your Lordship and these ladies will have but the patience to hear me, you will be convinced of this yourself."

"I had but just received that letter, and was breaking open the seal when a gentleman with whom I had been intimate in Castile, and renewed my acquaintance with since my arrival here, came in to make me a visit:—as there is an unreserved friendship between us, I made no scruple of shewing him the
note;

note; and asked him, laughing, how he would advise me to act; for my valet had told me that the woman who had brought it waited for an answer. As my residence in this city has been but short, and my time ever since I have been here so wholly taken up with business, I had few moments for pleasure; of course I have had no opportunity of making any acquaintance amongst the ladies; on which account I imagined that some gay damsel had a mind to divert herself a little. I was not, however, willing to engage in an amour which was to commence so mysteriously, though I confess my curiosity inclined me strongly to pursue it.—While I was making some reflections on the novelty of the thing, my friend was perusing the letter with a good deal of attention.—Are you not acquainted,

adelaide.

L 4

epistle

epistle came?—No, replied I; I am a stranger to the name and the hand! and am in doubt whether I shall take any farther notice of it: for perhaps it may only come from some female adventurer, who has a mind to make herself merry at my expence; or, what is worse, to lead me into an unlucky snare: as strangers who appear to be of distinction are sometimes treated. My friend laughed at my fears; telling me I need be under no concern:—for if (said he) this letter comes from the lady whose name is subscribed to it, you are so far from being in the least danger, that you ought rather to look upon yourself as the happiest man in the world—to have inspired Signiora Eugenia Burganeze with an inclination for you! I am surprised, continued he, that you should be a stranger to this young lady, as she lives next door to you, and is niece to the

Marquis

Marquis of Pescara!—I told him that I had, indeed, received a compliment from that Lord; but that I had not the honour of his acquaintance, nor did I ever hear of his having any family but a sister; who is a lady far advanced in years. —Yes, replied that gentleman, Madame Burganeze, the fair Eugenia's mother. I have been absent from Milan, added he, for some months, and know not whether that lady is still with her brother; for when I left this city, she designed retiring into a convent; and even talked of carrying her daughter along with her. Let us not flatter ourselves therefore too far; for perhaps 'tis some other lady of the name who has wrote to you: or possibly some woman who has only assumed the name to engage you the sooner in her toils.—But we have the means to discover this in our own hands, cried I; for the

L. 5

woman.

woman who brought the letter waits below :—whereupon I called my valet, with a design to bid him bring the woman to me; when my friend happening to ask him, did he know her?—the man replied that he believed she was one of Madame Burganeze's attendants; for that he had often seen her going in and out of the Marquis of Pescara's hotel. — Oh, 'tis enough, cried my friend, laughing :—we need ask no more questions. Write an answer immediately, continued he: Signiora Eugenia is as virtuous as she is beautiful; and though she may have a mind to amuse herself with an innocent piece of gallantry, yet, depend upon it, she means nothing contrary to the strictest honour: and if you have in reality been so happy as to please her, it is the greatest felicity that could have befallen you.—He added a great many other things,

things, that inspired me with such an ardent desire to see the lovely Eugenia, that I did not hesitate a moment what my reply should be :—and having in a few words answered the billet, which I now no longer doubted came from her, I thought every minute an hour till the appointed time arrived in which I was to be admitted to her presence.—I came, my Lord, full of the idea which my friend had given me of your charming niece. But judge of my surprise and disappointment! when, instead of her, I found myself on my knees before a person fit indeed to inspire me with reverence, but far unlikely to create love!—Ashamed to be thus deceived by my own too flattering hopes, I was ready to excuse myself to the old lady, and to take my leave of her; when she flew into a violent passion; urged former vows and protestations; told me of (I

L 6 know-

know not what) love that was between us; and had almost raised herself into a phrenzy, when the destruction of the china luckily alarmed her friends!— This, my Lord," added Don Clement, "is the truth you desired to be informed of, and which Madame Burganeze herself must acknowledge. I have therefore nothing to say farther in my justification; but to implore the beautiful Eugenia's pardon for my presumption in entertaining, but for a moment, the belief of being honoured with her love."—Here he bowed low to Eugenia, and remained silent.

I believe my reader is by this time as much surprised at Don Clement's behaviour as the Marquis and the two ladies were; and think him a very audacious and lying Spaniard: but we shall see presently how he came out of this whimsical situation.

“ I know

“I know not,” said the Marquis, in a grave and resolute tone, “what has provoked you to frame this unaccountable story; but certain I am, that nothing but my astonishment could have suffered me to let you run on so long. Whatever reasons you may have for playing on my imprudent sister, I think you owe something to my friendship, and more to my niece; who has made me her confidant in an affair which you ungenerously strove to conceal from me; notwithstanding the regard I always treated you with.”—“How, my Lord?” cried Don Clement, angrily; “this farce is too long, and must needs end unluckily!”—“I am of your mind,” answered the Marquis, briskly. “You are at present under my roof; remember that is your only protection:—for know, young Spaniard, that Eugenia’s honour is not a toy for such boys as you
to

to sport with." — "By Heaven, you amaze me," cried Don Clement; and added, after a short pause, "I begin to think there must be some strange mystery in this affair, which I tremble to penetrate. But I declare to you, by every thing that is sacred, that it is yet scarce three weeks since I first saw Milan; nor did I ever, during the whole course of my life, till this night, behold Madame Burganeze or her charming daughter."

Eugenia, who till now had been silent, could contain herself no longer; but turning to Adelaide, who had been a spectatress of this odd scene, "Such insolence," said she, "is not to be borne; but, if it is possible to raise a blush in a face where boldness and deceit are painted, I will produce something which must cover this daring man with confusion."

tion." Saying this, she ran to her apartment; and bringing thence the poniard which Don Clement had dropped in the wood, and which had been carefully preserved by Eugenia ever since, she put it into that gentleman's hands:—

"Look there, Signior Pimenteles," said she; "and if you can deny that poniard to be yours, on which your name is decyphered, I will allow you to be a master-piece of dissimulation."—

Don Clement looked at the poniard with manifest tokens of amazement; when, turning towards the Marquis, 'I am no longer in doubt, my Lord,' cried he: 'this dagger has unravelled the whole mystery. Alas! we have all been deceived by false appearances. That young stranger, who assumed the name of Don Clement Pimenteles, was a woman, and my unhappy sister.

'Hear

‘Hear then, my Lord, and you ladies, that part of my sister’s story which gave occasion to this strange event.

‘We are twins; and owe our birth, as she may possibly have informed you, to Don Manuel Pimenteles, whose house is not accounted the most obscure in Castile. My sister’s beauty (for she was allowed to have much) had gained her a great many admirers; but my father would give access to none of them, except Don Gabriel Sahabedras, Count of Castellar, who was possessed of an estate of eighty thousand piastres a year. This nobleman was upwards of fifty years old; of an imperious, haughty temper; and without any thing to recommend him, but his immense fortune. You may be sure my sister looked upon him as a very unequal match. However, in obedience to my father

father she received his addresses civilly ; but with so much coldness and indifference, that he soon perceived how disagreeable he was to her. This did not however discourage him : he had none of those delicate sentiments with which a generous lover is affected ; so as he was possessed of the person of my sister, it was all he desired. He used to tell her that the heart of a woman was too great a trifle for a serious man to spend his time in pursuit of ; that he knew it was impossible to confine their inclinations for ever to one object, were it the most amiable ; that therefore he was indifferent whether he was beloved or not ; and that, so as he was but secured of the person of her he admired, he would take care to preserve her virtue from any attacks ; and, for the rest, he would leave her to her own humour.

His

‘ His carriage was answerable to this unfeeling declaration; he took not the least pains to make himself agreeable to my sister; for, having obtained my father’s consent to espouse her, he assumed such an air of authority over Clementina (so my sister is called) as rendered him perfectly hateful to her. In vain did she throw herself at my father’s feet, and beseech him not to sacrifice her to a man whom she so much disliked. He had engaged his promise to the Count, and was resolved not to break it. Besides, as Clementina was the youngest of three daughters, he thought it was an alliance she ought to be proud of; and told her, in a peremptory manner, that she should marry Castellar, or never see his face again. My poor sister, drove to the last extremity, came to me all in tears:—Dear brother, said she, if you have a mind to preserve my life, endeavour

endeavour to soften the obdurate heart of my father; for if he persists in the resolution he has taken, of marrying me to Don Gabriel, I assure you, you will lose a sister who loved you tenderly.—I promised her my assistance; and went that moment to my father. I found him in his closet with Sahabedras and a lawyer, who was busied writing at a table. I gave the cause over at this sight; but, resolving to make one effort more on my father's tenderness, I begged of him to step into the next room with me. He knew I was extremely fond of my sister; wherefore, guessing my errand, he told me, in an angry tone, without giving me leave to speak, that if I should interpose in behalf of that obstinate girl, I would incur the height of his displeasure. Besides, added he, 'tis now too late; for every thing is agreed on between the Count and me; therefore,

therefore, Sir, be pleased to let your sister know that I expect the last proof of her obedience within these eight days. —I went with this unwelcome message to Clementina's apartment. She received it with more calmness than I expected; and told me, that however rigorous her father's commands were, she was resolved to obey them.

She concealed her chagrin so well, that none of us had the least suspicion of her design. On the contrary, we began to imagine that she had reconciled herself to a lot which she found it was impossible to avoid. In short, the preparations for her nuptials were making with great magnificence, when, on the eve of the day appointed for the solemnization of them, Clementina and her waiting-woman disappeared; and, notwithstanding the strictest inquiry, there

There was not the least trace of them to be discovered. We found she had taken all her jewels with her, and a pretty large sum of money : at the same time I missed this poniard ; but I did not suspect that my sister had disguised herself in man's apparel ; I only supposed her fondness for me had induced her to carry it with her as a token of remembrance.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

there was not the least trace of them in
the child's eyes. "We looked at" had to-
ken all her beauty, with hair and a pretty
large pair of nostrils; at the same time
I smiled and nodded; but I did not
know that my face had reflected her
beauty in mine's aspect; I only looked
at her features for a few minutes, and
to carry it into his a scene of
reminiscence.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

